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THE

B O O K  
O F  
CONVERSATION  
AND  
BEHAVIOUR.

Written by  
A PERSON of DISTINCTION.



L O N D O N:

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, at the *Dunciad*, in  
St. Paul's Church-Yard.

M.DCC.LIV.

# BOOK

OF

PEDIGREE

AND



THE

PERSON, Mr. R.

who

has

been

found

to



THE  
DEDICATION.

TO THE  
AUTHOR

Of the HISTORY of

Sir *Charles Grandison.*

A PERSON, Mr. Richardson, who has a great Respect for you; who esteems you very much for your Genius, and a great

Deal more for the good Use  
you make of it, addresses to  
you a Work formed on the  
same Model with your own.

NAMES of Persons disen-  
gaged from Business have often  
been called in, to give a Sort  
of Sanction to the Writings  
of those of more dependant  
Fortunes. It is fit the Me-  
thod should be reversed when  
the Worth is placed on the  
other Side.

If I knew a better Man, I  
would not have put your  
Name in this Place ; I am  
sure

sure I don't know a better Judge in these Kind of moral Pieces ; and I shall therefore think I have done well if what I have written receive your Approbation.

I said the Intent of this Book was like that of yours: Its Design is to establish Morality upon the Foundation of good Sense ; and to fix the wavering Notions of good Manners. If that is not the Intent also of your Writings I have read them to little Purpose.

I should have thrown the Sentiments which make up these Conversations, into the Form of Letters, were I not convinced that whoever undertakes that after you, will appear to a Disadvantage.

You will see, Sir ! the Purpose of this Dedication is less to obtain your Countenance to the Piece (which I shall truly esteem an Honour) than to prompt you to continue your own Labours, by the just Praise of those you have already published.

lished. I have so much good  
Will to the World, that I own  
I write with this Intent.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your great Admirer,*

*The* AUTHOR.

PER-

[ 11 ]  
**PERSONS concerned in these Dialogues.**

*Sir SAMUEL FASHION, a Man of Fortune.*

*Sir WILLIAM CIVIL, a Person of Fortune, in Love with Miss FASHION.*

*Capt. EVERYWHERE, an Officer and a fine Gentleman, in Love with Lady AIR.*

*Mr. FORWARD, a young Gentleman bred to the Law, in Love also with Lady AIR.*

*Mr. RUSTICK, a Country Gentleman.*

*Mr. BOOKLEY, a Scholar just come from the University.*

*Mr. LOOM, a Person bred to Trade.*

*Lady FASHION, Sir SAMUEL's Lady.*

*Lady AIR, a Lady of Fashion, a Coquette.*

*Miss FASHION, Daughter to Sir SAMUEL.*

*Miss SEEWELL, a Citizen's Daughter.*



T H E  
BOOK of CONVERSATION:

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P A R T I.

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CONVERSATION I.

The Company; Sir *Samuel Fashion*,  
Lady and Miss *Fashion*, Mr. *Rustick*,  
Mr. *Bookley* and Mr. *Forward*.

Mr. *Forward*. T H E R E is no Part  
of one's Time so  
thoroughly disagreeable as these Mo-  
ments when one is waiting for the En-  
trance of Dinner.

*Lady Fashion*. Nor is there any thing  
that has been oftener said; but as we  
feel the Inconvenience so often, you have

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an

an Excuse for the Repetition. Beside, Things that are so very true, can't be tiresome. Cousin *Bookley*, you can give us, I believe, Authority for it: I don't know whether I am venturing beyond my Depth, but I think there are some Sentences of your venerable Ancients so good, that you care not how often they are quoted.

*Bookley*. But we expect, Madam, People should name their Authorities. A Man among us never speaks a Sentiment that is not his own, without telling to whom he owes it; but *Plagiarism*, I believe, is less criminal in Conversation, than in Writing.

*Forward*. It would have been better, Cousin, if you had left that awkward Word behind you at the University: People here talk to be understood, Cousin.

*Bookley*. And so they do at the University, Cousin, but the Task is more difficult in Town; for we are to find the People here, I perceive, not only Conversation, but Understanding.

Miss

*Miss Fashion.* You are both in the wrong, I believe, Gentlemen; but it is we who are to blame for it. You should not have been asked in till the Table had been covered; but we are not half settled in these Apartments.

*Lady Fashion.* You are very right, my Dear; but I am an Enemy to Apologies. I have no Opinion of tiring one's Friends with an Excuse for what ought to have been avoided: But I am sorry this has happened; because I would have avoided all Occasions of Dispute between my Cousins. They are very young in the World, and they must be Friends, for they will be of Use to one another. *Nancy* says you are both in the wrong; and I say you are both in the right. He should not have used the hard Word, *Mr. Forward*, and you should have understood it. Come, I have made you mutual Apologies; I beg of you to have no more Dissentions.

*Mr. Rustick.* If that will not stop their Mouths, here is what will. Come, sit down all of you, sit down, here is the Victuals.

*Forward.* If any thing can stop your's, Mr. *Rustick*, it will be very acceptable to the Company: I do not mean, Sir, to confine it to the present Occasion. Lord, Lady *Fashion*, what a Misfortune it is to have been bred out of the Way of the World, and have taken such a Turn from the earlier Part of one's Education as makes one disagreeable wherever one comes for ever after.

Sir *Sam.* Cousin *Robert*, let me tell you freely that is a Misfortune of yours as well as his: and my Cousin *Bookley* there, whom, I assure you, I esteem more than either of you, is not quite without it. Your *Temple* Breeding has given you an Air of Importance that, let me say it, does not become your Years nor your Station; and his College Life has made him stiff. I am of Lady *Fashion's* Opinion, that it will be of Use to you both to be acquainted. A little of his Formality will do well with your Negligence, which is too great; and some of your Freedom will be very useful to temper his Reserve.

Pray,

Pray, for your own Sakes, be upon good Terms together.

Lady *Fash*. Indeed, Cousins, what Sir *Samuel* observes has often given me Concern. There is no Kind of Education that does not leave some Fault behind it. Nothing appears to be so easy as the Conversation and Deportment of a Gentleman, but nothing is so difficult; and I think it is a great Defect in our Schools that there is no Form of teaching it.

Sir *Sam*. It would be impracticable, my dear Lady *Fashion*, unless you had compleat fine Gentlemen for the Masters; and I am afraid those are not to be found in such a Rank. The World is the right School: only People must not be above reading the Lessons. Mr. *Rustick*, if I were of your Age, I should not think it too late to begin; and though my young Cousins are both in the wrong as well as you, yet there is something you might all learn from one another. You might copy from them Ease and a Manner of speaking; and it would be to both their

Advantages to imitate your Plainness and Sincerity.

*Rust.* For their Parts, Sir *Samuel*, they may follow my Example as soon as they please; but I am too old to learn, I assure you. So, sit down, sit down.

*Miss Fash.* The Dishes are not set; when they are, my Mamma will desire the Company to place themselves, Mr. *Rustick*.

*Rust.* Well, let them but sit down; what signifies who desires them! I am hungry.

*For.* Well said, Fox-hunter!

*Rust.* That is more than any body will say of you as long as you live.

*Lady Fash.* Dear Cousins! Mr. *Rustick*! I beg of you speak with more Respect to one another. One's in continual Pain while you are in Company. 'Tis certain nothing in the World is of so much Consequence as a proper Behaviour; and yet it is not one Man in ten Thousand who knows how to arrive at it.

Sir

*Sir Sam.* It is the most difficult Thing in the World to be easy. But I believe the Table is filled.

*Lady Fash.* Mr. *Rustick*! Cousin *Bookley*! Cousin *Forward*! Miss *Fashion*! We have not treated you as Strangers, Gentlemen: I am afraid you see your Dinner.



## CONVERSATION II.

*At Dinner.* The Company the same.

*For.* Miss *Fashion*, will you give me Leave to help you here?

*Miss Fash.* I thank you, Sir, I do not chuse any. I will take care of myself presently; Pray let me see you help yourself: or will you taste any thing this Way?

*Book.* If it be not too much Trouble, I will beg your Ladyship to help me to a Wing of that Fowl.

*Rust.* Sir *Samuel*, you have a good Cook. I do not much care for your Broth; but this larded (what is it?) is excellent.

*Sir Sam.* I believe the Soup is not bad, *Mr. Rustick*; though nobody seems to take any of it: but I am very glad what you have tasted pleases you.

*Book.* Will your Ladyship give yourself the Trouble?

*Lady Fash.* Oh! I beg you a thousand Pardons; but, indeed, I will not: You are nearer the Dish, yourself; and you have nothing to do but to take where you like. Nature has taught *Mr. Rustick* true Politeness; that is always the most genteel, *Cousin Bookley*, that is easiest, and gives the least Trouble.

*Book.* I thank your Ladyship. Good Breeding, and good Sense, I find, are nearer allied than I should have imagined; but it would have been a great while before I should have made that Discovery from my *Cousin Forward's* Behaviour.

*For.* That may be, my sententious Cousin, and yet it may be all there. I think one of your rusty Ancients says, 'It is not every Man's Fortune to have a Nose.' Come, I attack you with your own

own Weapons, but they are dirty ones : A Man of any Degree of Decency, when Taste was the Matter in Question, would have said *Palate*.

*Book.* I always thought that Custom of our Grandfathers, Sir *Samuel*, of making the Lady of the House help all that were at Table, a most unnatural and unreasonable one : I am glad to find good Sense has got the better of it ; for I shall take it for granted that every thing I see here is true Politeness.

*Miss Fash.* Hah ! Cousin *Forward*, who would have suspected him of so handsome a Compliment. He is attacking you at your own Weapons I think now, though he seemed to take no Notice of you. What say you to it, my polite Cousin ?

*For.* There is no great Art in speaking Truth, Madam.

*Lady Fash.* Come, that is spoke like a Gentleman and a Man of Sense: No matter how far either of you are in the in the right ; but you have said a civil

Thing as decently as ever one was spoken. You are not to conceive I take any Merit to myself in all this, Cousin *Bookley*; nor would I have you look upon this House as the Temple of Politeness: We live like the rest of the World; nothing more; and we shall always be happy when you visit us.

*For.* For my Part I shall have a better Opinion of my Cousin *Bookley's* Manners as long as I live for what he said.

*Book.* And I of my Cousin *Forward's* Understanding.

*Rust.* Lord, Sir *Samuel*, how good-humoured People grow when their Bellies are full.

*Miss Fash.* O fie! fie! Mr. *Rustick*! But I beg your Pardon: I protest you put one out of Countenance.

*Rust.* Why then—Mr. What's your Name give me a Glass of Stingo; and here is my Service to your Manners. Sir *Samuel* your Health, your Health, my Lady. Do not tell me of your Manners; when People mean well it is all one how they speak it.

Lady

*Lady Fash.* Then Mr. *Rustick*, you are the best-bred Man in the World : But the World will not agree with you.

*For.* Some Burgundy ! *Lady Fashion*, I have the Honour to pay you my Respects. *Miss Fashion ! Sir Samuel.*

*Lady Fash.* Thank you Sir, for your *French* Compliment. I have the Honour to — But indeed it is right. I am not fond of imitating that People ; but, if we do it in any Thing, I think it should be in Politeness ; for they study it.

*Rust.* So it is a *French* Thing to have Honour, is it, my Lady ; your own Country is the less obliged to you. But I will tell you what I think of the Matter. I think there is more Honour in one *English* Farmer, than in all the Fops about their King of Feathers. That is what I think now.

*Lady Fash.* You did not observe what was said, Mr. *Rustick*. He said, he had the Honour to drink my Health ; and I observed the Expression was a very good one.

*Rust.* Oh! so it is, so it is. It is an Honour to him, to have any Thing to say to your Ladyship. It is very right, and I ask your Pardon.

*Lady Fash.* Nay, now you have involved me in a new Difficulty. I only said the Expression was a good one, I did not mean that it was right to myself in particular.

*Rust.* Why, what signifies that? If it is right, my Lady, why it is as fit for you as for any Body. But it is out of my Latitude I find, and I beg your Pardon for speaking when I knew nothing of the Matter.

*Lady Fash.* You have it heartily, my good Mr. *Rustick*. I did not expect I should see you out of Countenance.

*Book.* And you have my Thanks, Mr. *Rustick*, for I shall remember your Mistake, as a Caution. It is a Respect we owe those who speak, to attend to what they are saying; and, if we have omitted that at the proper Time, it is a double Offence, to interrupt them by our Mistakes,

takes; and at once confess our Rudeness, and shew our Impertinence.

*For.* And yet, I believe, if People were never to talk about any Thing but what they understand, it would pretty tolerably abridge Conversation: for my own Part, it is a Rule I never established for my own Behaviour, nor ever shall.

*Book.* I believe you heartily. Mr. *James*, be pleased to give me a Glass of Port Wine! My Lady, I have the Honour to drink your Health.

*Miss Fash.* Cousin *Bookley*, will you give me leave? I see you are resolved to endeavour at what is right, by using the Phrase my Mamma took Notice was proper; but that Term, my Lady, is not polite. If you mind Mr. *Rustick*, he says nothing else; and, if you observe Mr. *Forward*, he never uses it. Madam, your Ladyship's Glove is dropped, — or, No Madam, — or shall I have Leave to help your Ladyship? These are all the Expressions he uses; and this is the Language

guage of the World. You may follow him in all these Things; and be sure you are right in all of them.

*For.* My Lady is well enough for a Footman.

*Book.* That, Mr. *Forward*, is a Thing in which I shall not follow you. That Lady very well knew what it sounded like, to use so awkward an Expression; but, while she had the Good-nature to give me the Advice, she suppressed the Reflexion. If you will follow Miss *Fashion*, in her Candour, as closely as I shall hereafter copy you, in these Parts of Politeness, you will be as much a better, as I shall be a genteeler Man.

*Rust.* Come, young Lady, shall I hob or nob with you? Give us two Glasses of — What do you say, Madam. Come, speak.

*Lady Fash.* You will excuse Mr. *Rustick*, my Dear, it is a Custom of Drinking together, among People that are very familiar. You know, Mr. *Rustick* has little Ceremony.

*Rust.*

*Rust.* Aye, aye, it is drinking a Glass of Wine a-piece, that is all; if you say Nob, I chuse, and so I shall drink Port; and, if you say Hob, why you chuse; and so we will drink what you please. Come, Hob or Nob, which do you take?

*Miss Fash.* I beg you will excuse me Sir.

*Rust.* Well, d'ye hear, give me two Glasses of red Port for myself then. If you are not dry, why, I will drink for both of us; for I never love to baulk a good Motion.

Sir. *Sam.* Cousin *Forward*, I am sorry you do not eat. Mr. *Bookley*, pray understand, that you do what you please here. I hope you take Care of yourself. My Dear, pray take a little Care of Mr. *Bookley*, till he is used to our Customs. I remember being half starved at a noble Lord's Table, when I was a young Fellow, for three Weeks together, merely because I was too shame-faced to help myself.

*Rust.*

*Rust.* Nay, never say any Thing about it, without you grudge them their Victuals. The Gentlemen have both eat like a Couple of Farmers.

*Lady Fash.* O fie! Sir, You rally too grossly. It is the best Compliment that can be paid to a Table to eat heartily. But I cannot say we have any great Reason to boast of it to Day. I hope you have dined as you like, however, *Mr. Rustick.*

*Rust.* Never better in all my Life; but I ask your Pardon for speaking: I know there is an old Proverb, says, Eat your Pudden, and hold your Tongue. I find it is the right Rule for great Tables; but my Memory is very treacherous.

*Sir Sam.* *Mr. Rustick*, there is a Glass of Water for your Hands.

*Rust.* Thank you *Sir Samuel*, thank you heartily; but I never wash them above once a Day, and that is when I first get up in a Morning.

*Book.* *Mr. Rustick*, I do not know whether I am wrong; but I would comply with

with the Custom, though they were clean.  
You see I set you the Example.



### CONVERSATION III.

*After Dinner.* The Company the same.

*Sir Sam.* Mr. *Rustick*, I am afraid you are breaking in upon your Customs. I would have drank with you longer, but I knew these Gentlemen would get to the Tea-Table. Do not let them be your Example, I desire of you, farther than you like. If you have a Mind for the other Bottle, speak the Word, and I will go back with you.

*Rust.* Why, that is friendly and civil; and I thank you. But I have no mind to drink this Afternoon, we're as well where we are, I think.

*For.* Had I been in your Place, Mr. *Rustick*, as there were Ladies in the Company. I should have said, we are much better where we are; but you know best your own Opinions.

Sir

*Sir Sam.* Only do not let your Politeness this time get the better of your Sincerity. Do as you like here, my dear Sir, and you make me happy.

*Rust.* They tell me, Miss, you are going to be married to—poh! to—Lord, I can't think of his Name. You know who I mean well enough.

*Book.* Is there any Foundation for that Report, Madam?

*Miss Fash.* There is no speaking with that Gentleman; and I almost wish, Sir, you had not asked me. There is a Person who has spoke to Sir *Samuel* on that Subject; but I am, at present, very little acquainted with him; and I do not know that I shall entertain any Thoughts of that Kind. I would not speak less favourably of the Gentleman, than the others do: but he may have all the Merit in the World, and yet not please one particular Woman: We judge, you know, more from our own Opinions than those of others in these Cases.

*Book.* He will be very happy that you shall

shall think favourably of. With what Discretion you speak upon this Matter! Possibly, you may have thought favourably of some other : but I am afraid I am rude in speaking on this Subject.

Lady *Fash*. You two are very grave : What are you in such serious Conversation about?

Miss *Fash*. I thought much less than you have been saying very rude in that Gentleman ; but there is something better than Politeness in your Manner that apologizes for every thing you say. You have guess'd very right, that the favourable Thoughts I entertain of another are the Occasion of my Insensibility to the Merit of the Person who is proposed to me, and I shall be more insensible to it : So, you see, I am not offended : But whatever this is that apologizes so well for your Curiosity in the present Instance, let me advise you never to forget it : If you would recommend yourself to a Woman of Sense, there is nothing will do it so effectually.

Lady

Lady *Fash*. Nancy !

Miss *Fash*. I beg a thousand Pardons, Madam ! That Gentleman's speaking of my being married has made me very grave : I do not know that I have any Thoughts of it ; and I am very much concerned he should have heard any such Thing spoken of.

Sir *Sam*. My Dear, do not be uneasy : I tell you, I think very well of the Gentleman who has applied to me ; but I shall never interfere on that Occasion. Marriages are miserable that are not perfectly free ; and, I am sure, I will never be the Occasion of such certain Disquiet to you as to influence you, in the least, in such an Engagement. If you approve him, I think you will be happy ; but, if you do not, you are young enough for many Offers : and as, I am sure, you will never think of any Person without my Approbation ; I shall never wish you take one against your own.

*For*. Come, we are all growing grave. Miss *Fashion*, will you give me Leave to recommend you an Husband ?

*Serv.*

*Serv.* Lady *Air*, ———

*Lady Air.* The insufferable Impertinence of these Women that the Fellows call handsome ! I met the fine Miss *Bloom* just as I came up to your Ladyship's Door : We used to be the best acquainted People in the World ; but because his Lordship has told somebody he intends to pay his Addressee to her, it was, ' Tolerably well, I thank your Ladyship, pray how does *Tib* do ? ' My blue Cat, you know, Sir *Samuel*. I looked very grave, and told her, I was glad she had not forgotten all her old Acquaintance. The insolent Thing ! I remember when it was another Language that she and I spoke to one another.

*For.* But does your Ladyship suppose there is any thing in the Report ?

*Lady Air.* I hope so, for the Girl's Sake ; for I am sure there is nothing but Report in it.

*Miss Fash.* I fancy, Mr. *Bookley*, that is a Figure for which there is no Name in your Books of Rhetoric.

*Book.*

*Book.* O! pardon me! a Figure of Speech, called Nonsense, and very common in Conversation. You see how favourably it has been received: 'Twill flourish. Heaven! what a Difference between such a Woman as this and you! and yet there are those who think her agreeable.

*Miss Fash.* Fie!

*For.* I thank your Ladyship for making up our Equipage; we were going to have Tea without Scandal.

*Miss Fash.* And you are compleating it. We are now going to have Talk without Conversation.

*Lady Air.* My dear *Miss Fashion*, what are you telling that grave Gentleman? Is it any thing we have not heard? I expire at a new Piece of Intelligence; But I beg Pardon; you are making an useful Acquaintance: We hear you will want his good Offices soon. But, dear Girl, take Care. Marry and Repent is the Language of the World now. Beside, let me tell you one Thing; but what signifies making  
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ing a Secret of what every body knows ; his Heart is engaged in another Place. How the poor Thing colours ! I suppose you had not heard before that one of the prettiest Women in the Kingdom is under his Protection ; if not, I am your Friend, Child, to tell you of it. Heavens ! why should any Woman marry ? Don't do it, my Dear ; your Men of Spirit never marry.

*Rust.* Why, mayhap, nobody will have them.

*Lady Air.* I beg your Pardon, most satirical Sir, but it was this Gentleman I believe I was speaking to : Was it not you, Mr. *Forward* ? Pray do the Men of Spirit, I mean the Men of true Spirit and Galantry, ever marry ? Shall you ever marry, Mr. *Forward* ?

*For.* Never till your Ladyship shall condescend to accept of me.

*Lady Air.* Well ! I will tell you when that will be, exactly : Three Days after Doom's-Day : There's my Hand upon it : No, that's vulgar ; give me your little  
Finger ;

Finger, there : now take mine with it ; only my little Finger.

*For.* This is a very small Portion of you, Madam, for a Wretch that has so much Ambition for the Whole : A very small Portion.

*Rust.* A Leg of a Lark's worth a whole Kite, at any time : It's enough of her ; any Man alive would find it so.

*Lady Air.* Now, if I were to perish, cannot I tell whether that Gentleman means to compliment or affront me : But, Mr. *Forward*, this is the Way the *French* take Hands ; it's very delicate : they salute in the same Manner : they never touch any thing with their Lips but the Tip of the Ear.

*Rust.* May be so ; for I was never among 'em, thank God : But if I was to have a Salute of your Ladyship, in the way of Civility, I'd rather have one round *English* Smack of the Lips, than of all painted Ears in King *Lewis's* Country.

*Lady Air.* Why, there again, now : I profess, that's a very strange Gentleman.

Pray,

Pray, Sir, may I have Permission to ask, if there be no Incivility in it, what Part of the World has had the Honour of your Birth. I am acquainted with some of the Writers of the present Age, and it may prevent great Confusion among Posterity, for I am persuaded if your Compliments should be as much known as *Homer's* Verse, there would be as many Countries disputing for your Birth as did for his.

*Rust.* Yes.—

*Lady Air.* Yes! Shield me, sweet Mr. *Forward.* What you really believe there would; you really think it, do you not,--- but I beg your Pardon, Sir, that I have not the Honour to know you. You really think they would?

*Rust.* No, I don't think about it. You asked me, if you might have Permission to enquire where I was born? I said yes, you may if you please; and now let's go on again.

C

Lady

*Lady Air.* A most extraordinary Person! Then pray, Sir, where might you have been born?

*Rust.* Why, I might have been born any where, I suppose, where my Mother happened to have been when she was brought to bed of me; but I was born upon *Stratford* upon *Avon*.

*Lady Air.* The Birth-place of the immortal *Shakespear*, he was born there, was he not, Sir?

*Rust.* I can't tell that; but I suppose the People are all immortal that were born there, are they not? All Men are immortal when they are dead, at least I was always told so; and why should not they be immortal at *Stratford* upon *Avon* as well as any other Place; is it not so, Mr. Parson?

*Book.* The Lady means, that his Fame, Sir, is immortal.

*Lady Air.* And so will this Gentleman's also; will it not think you, Sir?

*Book.*

*Book.* Doubtless, if your Ladyship write his History.

*Lady Air.* Mr. *Forward*, who is that Gentleman? He is dressed oddly, but he seems a Man of Sense for all that.

*For.* Of College Sense, Madam; it is Mr. *Bookley*, Lady *Fashion's* six and fiftieth Cousin, just come from the University.

*Lady Air.* Shield me, Powers! And I have been talking about *Homer*. Why, what a Mercy that he did not give us the whole Book in the original Language He'll talk *Greek* though to divert the Company, won't he? the Doctor would have snatched a much less Opportunity. Do make him talk *Greek*, Mr. *Forward*.

*For.* In a Moment. Cousin *Bookley*, the Ladies have a great Mind to hear some *Greek*. You have all those Things at your Fingers End: I know you are just come from the Fountain Head of them. For my Part, I have forgot it all, at least I hope so.

*Book.* You can entertain the Company with some *French*, *Cousin*. I presume, the Ladies only want to hear something they don't understand; and as you pronounce that, it is equally unintelligible.

*For.* The Brute! But the People from Colleges have no Breeding, have they *Mr. Rustick*?

*Rust.* It's another Sort of Breeding from yours; but I can't tell which is best if I were to be hanged for it.

*For.* O Lady *Air*! dear Lady *Air*! Polite Lady *Air*! Delicate Lady *Air*! Save me from these *Goths* and *Vandals* of the World of Manners. Take me but from these, and do what you will with me.

Lady *Air*. O *Mr. Forward*! Sweet *Mr. Forward*! Genteel *Mr. Forward*! Witty *Mr. Forward*! Heigh-ho! Duce take me if I know what to say to you.

Miss *Fash*. *Mr. Bookley*, you are a grave Man, what do you think of these People.

*Book.*

*Book.* The Earth has Bubbles on it like the Water, and these are two of them.

*Lady Fash.* I hope we do not lose your Ladyship this Evening.

*Lady Air.* I have fifty Cards to leave, but there is some Magic within these Walls: I believe when I am once in, I never know when to go out again.

*Lady Fash.* Set the Card Tables.

*Miss Fash.* And so ends Conversation.

*Sir Sam.* Cousin Bookley, you are a grave Man, and I suppose, hate Cards heartily. They are a Set without us; and if you'll give me your Company, we'll sit by without looking over them; I suppose you have no more mind to bet than play.

*Book.* Sir, you do me great Honour. I am an Enemy to Cards, as I suppose all People are who are used to think; but they appear to have some Plea of Innocence, because they are an Amusement, and there is a Sort of Trial of Skill in the playing them, which takes

off from the interested View of winning. But why People should lay Wagers, who have nothing to do with the Game, I must confess surprizes me. Can it be a Pleasure, Sir *Samuel*, for Friends, for I suppose all here are such, to take the Money from one another. This seems to me to be the most absolute Gaming of any Kind whatever. No Passion of any Sort, except Avarice, can be concerned in it; and surely it is fitter such Schemes or such Wishes should be against Strangers.

Sir *Sam*. I don't wonder to hear you who have lived out of the Way of this Kind of Life, and are unprejudiced, speak so strongly against it. I that have passed my whole Time among People of this Stamp, have always declined that Part of their Diversion. I have one short Answer to those who would plead Custom, Amusement, or what they please in its Favour, which is this. I live at a certain Expence, which my Fortune answers.

answers. I should be uneasy at less, and I have no Inclination to be at greater, neither would my Income allow of it; to what Purpose then should I game? All the Money I can win will be of no Use to me; and if I lose it will make me uneasy. What Temptation can I possibly have to play?

*Book.* The Reason would hold universally, and yet you are the only Man in Town who are guided by it. The People in Trade, I have heard, are often ruined by Play; that they can ever be profited in any Degree worth naming is impossible. I have seen at the University, Men who were before happy, and might have continued so for their Lives, distressed by a Loss at Cards and made miserable for their Lives. Their Appointments have been sufficient for their Support in a Manner they liked; but to pay a Debt out of them was impossible, and to lose the Sum in an Hour that should answer all the Demands of half an Year, (and

I have known this done, is though a more limited yet a sufficiently mortifying Distress. I have seen this often, and I don't know whether I have more despised or pitied those who suffered by it.

Sir *Sam.* They say none should play but those who have nothing to lose; but they must be strangely infatuated who play with them. In Town we have People who make Fortunes by it; and there are Methods by which it is impossible to miss succeeding: to set aside the absolute Frauds that are committed, the Man of Artifice must prey upon the unwary. You would not imagine, perhaps, that it is an absolute Profession reduced to Rules, and practised upon the plainest Grounds. Your professed Gamester is at no Expence, he lives on Water-Gruel. Having no Extravagance, he lays by all he gains, and having no Passions of his own, he is upon the Watch to take Advantage of those of other People. He understands Calculation, for it  
is

is Part of his Trade ; and he knows who plays best, because he is always among those that play. Figure to yourself a raw Fellow with a great deal of Money and no Discretion, coming into a Gaming-Room where there is a Person of this Stamp. He will distinguish the unexperienced Creature in a Moment; and all the rest is easy. An Evening sometimes serves for his compleat Ruin : If he have less Violence of Temper, he may support it a Year or two, but the Destruction, though put off, is not the less certain.

*Book.* These I know are the Disadvantages under which Strangers play with Strangers ; but I cannot think the Rashness of that greater than the Meanness of the other ; although the preying upon one's Friends may be less certain than the being preyed upon by ones Enemies ; for the Men you describe are the common Enemies of Mankind.

*Sir Sam.* Not at all less certain; Practice does for many People who are above all bad Things; all that the basest Arts can do for the most accomplished Gamester, to take that Term in its strongest Sense. The only Difference is, that the Losses are less considerable among the People who play in what is called the Family Way, and the Consequence is not utter Ruin, but continual Straits and everlasting Uneasiness.

*Book.* The Forfeit is little less if this be the Case: but to be impartial, I cannot say I see the Advantages to which it is owing, quite so certain as you speak them.

*Sir Sam.* Not at all less so. You have People who always win at Cards, and you have People who always lose; the first are those who play every Night, and the other those who do it half a dozen times in a Winter. You will not ask a better Reason for the Difference of their Fortune. There are People in  
this

this Town, who with no other visible Way, nay, and who are not of a Turn of Life to have any visible Way of living, yet support themselves and their Families at a considerable Expence. These People play always, and play for Money, and there is no other Way of their supporting themselves.

*Book.* You are most certainly right, Sir *Samuel*, and it is in the Power of Practice to give all these Advantages; But then the People who make a Custom of it should not, one would think, be ruined for they are in Practice too.

*Sir Sam.* Dear Mr. *Bookley*, these are not the People who are ruined: those who play often at the Family Tables may play to Disadvantage, but not to Destruction; they will know the Game too well, and they will be as much upon their Guard. 'Tis those that play seldom who are made miserable; for they are sure to lose. To say nothing of useful Revokes, which the Women who

study Play have the Art of concealing sufficiently from such Eyes ; and not to name an additional Card, for such have sometimes been found upon them ; They play so much better that they must win : and miserable are they who are neither prepared nor accustomed to lose. An Husband's Pocket must be picked to pay the Debt that cannot be owned ; or a single Lady must be reduced to borrow of some artful Man, who knows how to take all Advantages of a Woman who owes what she cannot pay.

*Book.* The Sacrifice of a Woman's Honour is a common-place Observation for the Play Debt which she cannot discharge ; but I have had a better Opinion of the Virtue of that Sex than to suppose it more than Slander or Supposition. You put the Mischief upon a different Foundation, but I hope with no better Ground for the Fear.

*Sir Sam.* O don't deceive yourself, you are unexperienced ; but take my  
Word

Word for it, worse Things are done among those who call themselves People of Honour, than you who do not live among them imagine. To suppose that a Woman who had been always till that Time virtuous, will give up her Honour at once to the Man whom she cannot pay a Play Debt, is absurd. These are Sacrifices of more Consequence than to be made so suddenly. And I who am a Man of the World shall tell you, that however familiar and easy a Life of Vice may render such Things to Women, the first Concession is always terrible. But what would be refus'd as a Demand, may be obtained by Solicitation. Gratitude is very high in female Hearts, and they have the quickest Sense of an Obligation. The Woman who borrows of a Man to pay a Debt, chuses one for whom she has some Value. The Favour encreases her Esteem: The Person who conferred it has more of her Confidence; he takes Pains to recommend him-

himself; the Obligation recommends him, the Debt cannot be paid, and the rest follows. Even Gratitude, nay, perhaps a romantic Notion of Justice, demands the Sacrifice of Virtue.

*Lady Fash.* I am out of that Set, Sir *Samuel*, will you give me leave to join myself to yours; but you seem very grave.

*Sir Sam.* We were upon a grave Subject, my Dear, and one that we could not have let a Lady hear us speak of; but I think we had come to an End: or if not, there are few Conversations, which, if a Lady could not share a Part in them, those who know you would not thank you for interrupting.

*Lady Fash.* You most complaisant of Husbands!

*Sir Sam.* Hang Complaisance at our Time, no Body knows you so well as I do; and indeed I speak my Opinion.

*Book.* I am silent, but believe me Sir, *Samuel*, I am not insensible to such a Scene.

*Lady*

*Lady Fash.* Cousin *Bookley*, you was wishing to see something of the modern World ; you have had it in Extreame this Afternoon. Pray, how do you like it ?

*Book.* I am sensible, Madam, of a thousand Aukwardnesses about me, which I want to get off ; and I am very conscious, that though I were able to speak Sense better than my Cousin *Forward*, I should do it with a very ill Grace till I am a little more instructed in what may be called the Forms of Conversation : I don't know that I should wish to imitate all I have seen to-day, but yet I believe the Examples will not be without their Information.

*Sir Sam.* You see them as you ought ; we have shewn you what is wrong in the modern Conversation, and you'll avoid it.

*Lady Fash.* I must confess, Cousin, you have not seen many Examples to Day of what was right,

*Book.*

*Book.* Your Ladyship might have given me more, but I see you have left your Guests to entertain one another.

*Lady Fash.* 'Tis the universal Custom. People who receive Visits understand themselves in no other Light than the convenient one of bringing Friends together. They order their Doors to be set open, and they curtsy to the Company as they come in; but more than this would be Impertinence. The rest of the Office of a Lady of the House is to make the Parties for Cards, to put those who play high together, and make Sets of those who do not, for other Tables. It is not expected she should entertain them all, and so she speaks to none of them. They join one another as they please, till they think it Time to go, and then they slip away with less Ceremony than they entered. The Servant finds his Perquisite under the Candlestick, and that they seem to think has paid the Price of their Admittance: when they

they meet the Mistress of the Ceremony at a third Place, it is almost rude to suppose they are acquainted with her. The visiting Friendships are like *Bath Acquaintances*; 'tis the awkwardest Thing in the World to remember them.

*Book.* Heaven! what a Life is this for rational Creatures. I don't presume to wonder that the People we have seen to-day are pleased enough with it; but what Magic can tempt your Ladyship and Sir *Samuel* to give into it, is indeed beyond my Comprehension.

*Sir Sam.* That Magic, dear Cousin, is the Custom of the World. They who live in it in a certain Rank, must conform to it; and it is only rambling among other People to make ourselves more agreeable to one another: We have other Evenings for the Company of our select Friends, and we shall always wish to find you, Cousin, among that Number.

Lady

Lady *Fash*. As to the Company of this Evening, you see we have hardly been mixed at all among them. Sir *Samuel* has given their true Character, that they are Examples of the Extravagancies and Follies of Conversation, but they will be of use enough to you in that Light; and I fancy there have passed some Things among them that you will remember.

*Book*. To be very free with your Ladyship's Company, there is not one of them but has shewn me something to avoid; and to know what is not right, is a very good Step toward finding what is.

Sir *Sam*. Your Cousin *Forward* has too much Opinion of his Wit.

*Book*. Any Opinion would be too much of it; and the Blockhead, I beg his Pardon, has a most exalted one. But he is as unfashioned as myself, and therefore I can never take him for a Model.

Lady

*Lady Fash.* Come, there is something you may learn from him notwithstanding this, by way of absolute Example. I should not presume to tell you what is to be avoided in his Manner; and I see you distinguish it better than I do: But he has been among the fashionable World, and the common Set of Phrases, which must have Place in every Conversation, he is very perfectly a Master of: You who have lived in a College must be quite a Stranger to these, and you may take him as your Model with great Safety. This is a Trifle, but it is something: Nay, it is one of those Trifles that are of Consequence.

*Book.* I am very sensible of it; and I shall take your Ladyship's Word for it, that I may learn them from him. You shall find me no unapt Scholar.

*Sir Sam.* I love the young Man, but there is a Pertness in his Behaviour that always gives me Offence.

Lady

*Lady Fash.* It is the Offspring of that great Opinion he entertains of his own Abilities and Importance; and as that will go to his Grave with him, the other I am afraid is incurable.

*Book.* There is something more disgusting even than this in his Conversation. You always know what he is going to say before he speaks it. There are a Set of Observations upon all Subjects which, are one Degree above the Phrases of Dean *Swift's* polite Conversation. They are like the Quotations of modern Authors, things that every Body has heard till they are tired of them: All these, Mr. *Forward*, has, as they say, at his Fingers Ends, and out they come upon all Occasions. There is not a greater Offence than this second-hand Conversation.

*Sir Sam.* I had always observed, that his Discourse was strangely tiresome; and this is unquestionably the Occasion of it. But what say you to Lady *Air*?

*Lady*

*Lady Pass.* Take care how you pass Sentence, for I assure you she has an established Character.

*Book.* If Affectation can improve the Faults of Mr. *Forward*, that Lady has added to their Lustre: For my Part, if Affectation were coupled with good Qualities, tho' it very rarely is so, I should think it would destroy the Merit of them all; as it is blended with her Ladyship's Follies it is entertaining, for it seems to make them the more conspicuous: You must pardon me for a very odd Observation, but I think Mr. *Rustick* has fifty times the Understanding of either of them, under all that Roughness.

*Sir Sam.* You see from this, Mr. *Bookley*, the Truth of that Observation we were making; that there is more in a Manner than in all the natural Qualifications in the World, at least that it is so to the common Eye; and the most Judicious see with great Concern, the Want  
of

of it. Mr. *Rustick* with Parts, for I quite agree with you in that, is offensive; and this couple of polite People with some Knowledge of the World, are ridiculous; and both from the same Cause, a Want of Manner: The one having none, and the others what is a great deal worse than none, an affected one.

*Book.* Lady *Fashion* will remember that from the first of my coming to Town I have been sensible of the Necessity of some Rules for Deportment and Conversation, among People of Politeness and Condition. I was sensible of the Deficiency in myself, and I am much more convinced of it by what I see in these Persons; nor is there any thing I shall be so earnest to acquire. As there are no Rules to be had, I shall have Recourse to Examples: I am happy that you, Sir *Samuel* and her Ladyship agree in the Opinion I entertain of these Attempts toward it; and of the Disadvantages of an absolute

lute

lute Neglect of it, for that is Mr. *Rustick's* Case. Now I know them to be right, I shall endeavour to find those Examples in yourselves and in one Person more, to whom you have been Examples: for if I can judge at all of the Things I want to attain, it is no where in more Perfection.

*Lady Fash.* You are practising your Politeness upon us at this Moment, and it comes with a very good Grace; you have only to be attentive to make yourself a perfect Master of the Arts of Deportment. You have Understanding, and that is nine-tenths of the whole: All that is wanting is Ease, which you will acquire by Custom. The true Light in which according to my Opinion, you see the Mistakes of others, will be of the greatest Advantages to you, for it will check the slightest Approaches toward any of those natural Mistakes in yourself, and I shall see you, I doubt not, the politest Man in the Town.

*Book.*

*Book.* It is in the Power of your Ladyship and this Gentleman to make me more: I can see that I shall be, if you favour me, the happiest Man in the World.



**Book**



THE  
BOOK OF CONVERSATION.

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PART II.

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CONVERSATION I.

*At a publick Place.*

The Company; *Bookley, Forward, Loom,*  
and *Miss Fashion.*

*Loom.* I AM glad we came here, *Miss Fashion*, it is a fine Evening, and here is a vast deal of Company.

*For.* A vast many People, if you please, *Mr. Loom*, but no Company.

D

*Loom.*

*Loom.* What does he mean by that now? I never heard such a saying in my Life.

*Book.* I wonder at that, Mr. *Loom*, for it has been said ten thousand times a Year for these three Centuries. I am accusing Mr. *Loom* of not being acquainted with the World, for thinking your Observation strange, Mr. *Forward*, that there were many People but no Company here: I tell him it is the commonest Expression in the World. If you mind Mr. *Forward*, Sir! You will scarce ever hear him make use of any other.

*For.* Sir, you do me a great deal of Honour. I do not see a single Face that I know in the Place.

*Loom.* No, nor I neither, without it is Mr. *Ribband's* Foreman in *Spital-fields*; but there may be a great many People of Fashion here for all that: I do not know all the World.

*Miss Fash.* But if you don't Mr. *Forward* does. People of Condition all know one another. Mr. *Bookly* you seemed to pay

pay a great deal of Attention to that Piece of Musick. It is more the Fashion to listen to the Songs.

*For.* I beg to be excused for that, Madam, for in my Opinion it is not a Fashion to listen to any thing.

*Miss Fash.* There is too much Truth in what Mr. *Forward* says; but of the People who do mind the Entertainment, you shall see five hundred croud round the most trifling Ballad, while the noblest Harmony that is only instrumental is performed to the Trees and Benches. This Piece is Mr. *Handel's*; and after some of the old Masters, for I do not set any of the *Italians* of the present Time in Competition with him, I think him the greatest Composer the World has known.

*Book.* The Piece struck me extremely, I am glad to find you countenance the Attention I thought it deserved.

*For.* Fie, Mr. *Bookly*, find a better Subject of Conversation: I protest I shall

think you and my Cousin *Fashion*, Company for nobody but Mr. *Loom*'s Acquaintance, the Ribband-Man, if you talk in this unaccountable Manner.

Miss *Fash*. We shall be crouded to-night, the Company are coming in very fast. There are People now, Mr. *Forward*, that will afford us better Subjects of Conversation than Songs and Concertos. There is one that I am sure you will allow to be Company. Why how cold you pass by her. Do not you think her the prettiest Woman of the Age?

*For*. I believe I should, if she did not think so herself.

Miss *Fash*. Cousin *Bookly* don't you think that was an uncommon Stroke of Mr. *Forward*'s?

*Book*. He has heard somebody else say so.

*Loom*. What's that Mr. *Forward* said about the Lady? O Lord, it is in *Joe Miller*'s Jest.

*For*.

*For.* I honour you for your Reading,  
*Mr. Loom.*

*Miss Fash.* It is a Pity a Man can't discover another at that notable Kind of Theft without exposing himself almost as far, by confessing he has studied the same Author.

*Book.* I often think it an Advantage to their Characters, it shews one they can read: And I have known many People of Figure whom one would never have guess'd to have so much Learning but for such an Incident.

*For.* You are severe, Mr. Collegiate: But it is a Rule in the Family where we visit, that all Liberties are to be allowed within the Bounds of good Manners.

*Book.* I am sorry, Sir, to see you make the Severity. I had no Thought of this particular Application.

*Miss Fash.* Don't be grave either of you, we are all Friends, and a little of this Raillery gives a Spirit to Conversa-

tion. Mr. *Forward*, you must take nothing ill.

*For.* I shall take an Opportunity of returning all these Sort of Favours: I only put him in mind that I don't over-look him. Mr. *Loom*, do you know that Gentleman you bowed to: He looks very strangely upon you.

*Loom.* O very well, Sir, it is my Lord *Stately*.

*For.* You are very right; but how did you come acquainted?

*Loom.* O he was one of our Customers, and he always us'd to speak to me in the most complaisant Manner in the World.

*For.* I guess'd it was some such Matter: But pray, give me leave, to offer you a Piece of Advice. Never salute a Superior in Publick, unless he takes Notice of you first.

*Miss Fash.* You are obliged to Mr. *Forward*, Sir, for that Piece of Counsel; all these are regulated by Custom, and it is not the Custom of the World to do this,  
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so that what you mean as Civility will be construed to Impertinence. Tho' you are in no Way of Trade just now, People will remember you when you was fitting yourself for it, and their Knowledge of you may be of Service when you have established yourself in the World: but it is not to be obtained this Way, for they will keep up the Distinction between People of Fortune, and those who are in Trade, in Publick.

*For.* In *France*, which is the Country of Politeness, they keep it up much more; the Men of Fashion and the *Bourgeois* never mix at all with one another.

*Miss Fash.* No Matter how much Civility you shew in your Shop, when you have put yourself into one, Mr. *Loom*; but in other Places there is no Business for it. A Modesty in drawing out of such a Person's Way, or the taking off your Hat without any Stooping of your Body or any Look towards him, if you chance to be forced very near to one ano-

ther is all that is expected, and any thing more is always ill-received. You will pardon me, Sir, this Freedom, but you have had little Opportunity of Experience, and we meant it in perfect Friendship.

\* *Loom.* Madam, I think myself very much obliged to you, and to that Gentleman both: I have a thousand Times been in Confusion from not knowing how to behave myself in the common Affairs of Life; and I should think myself the happiest Person in the World to have a few more such Informations.

*Miss Fash.* I respect you for the Ingenuousness of the Confession, but I am very little able to assist you; we all want the same Sort of Instructions, only some more than others. I should except Mr. *Forward* indeed, he is a perfect Master of Behaviour; but my Cousin *Bookly*, who is newly come from his Books of one Kind as you are from yours of another, confesses he wants it as much as you do; and

I acknowledge that I do as much as either of you, so let us as far as we can, assist and improve one another; Mr. *Forward* is a very good Judge whether we are right; and we shall see in this Place many a good Example.

*For.* Whatever I can do, the Gentleman may be assured he may command in his Service.

*Loom.* Sir, there is just now before me there, the most important Occasion that I can ever have while I live, of considering how to conduct myself; and I very freely confess I do not at all know how to go about it. You see that Lady, who seems to look this Way sometimes, or perhaps it is only my Folly to persuade myself that she does. If ever I am to be happy that Lady must be my Wife.

*Miss Fash.* O you unexperienced Creature, does not he set out finely, Mr. *Forward*: There never was a Boy of nineteen that did not

think just so, nor was there ever a Person of five and twenty that did not think otherwise. The Lady may, for ought I know, Mr. *Loom*, merit all you imagine about her ; but till you are sure of it, and you do not seem at present to be greatly acquainted, don't give Way to such romantic Ideas. 'Tis very natural, but it is indiscreet. You'll pardon a Girl for advising you, but you know we promised it to one another.

*For.* The World's a Garden full of these pretty Flowers, Mr. *Loom*, and some of them are admired for the Smell and some for the Colour. There are a few that have Sense and Beauty both; but one of these will do; and there are so vast a Number that possess one or other of them, that you need not fix upon any one so determinately. Many have the same or perhaps greater Charms, and if this Lady should be averse, you must think of another.

*Loom.*

*Loom.* O but I love this Lady. You gay People that never engage more than your Fancy, may talk thus; but we plain Folks give our Hearts much otherwise.

*Book.* Madam, do you observe how Love makes every body eloquent.

*Miss Fash.* Believe me, Sir, *Mr. Forward* tells you the Truth; and 'tis you who fancy that you are thus in love; pray, how long have you known the Lady?

*Loom.* Dear Madam, I do not know her yet, and that is my Affliction.

*Miss Forward.* O then you must be violently in Love, indeed. Come, come, *Mr. Forward's* Words are more applicable to your Case than I thought. You don't know whether she deserves that you should love her or not. She looks handsome at this Distance, and she seems good-natured; she may be all this and much more upon a nearer View, and a better Acquaintance; but the Looks often are false. I don't advise you to change

your Opinion, but don't receive it as any thing more than an Opinion; at present I think she deserves all you speak of her, but don't be confirmed in it till you have Reason to be so. Try your Fortune with her; and if she either does not deserve you, or will not suppose you deserve her, don't imagine yourself fix'd to her, but find your Relief in another.

*Book.* Is this your Advice, Madam, to a Man in love.

*Miss Fash.* Most seriously. Nay, if you would have my absolute Opinion, I would have him go farther. I am convinced that no Man is happy in Marriage who does not prefer his Wife to all the Women in the World. It is not necessary she deserve this Preference, but she must have it: Fancy may give it her as well as Judgment. But then it must be a fixed Fancy. I would have every Man in love therefore look freely among other Women, and if he sees any whom he prefers to the Person who has his present

sent Engagement, whether she deserve it or no, change for her.

*Book.* Your Lover might do this, Madam, with great Safety.

*Miss For.* Every Woman's Lover, Sir, may do it with great Prudence : Nay common Discretion will direct him to it ; and herself, if she has not a Passion that overpowers her Reason, will wish he should. It is best this be done early in an Acquaintance, because the Disappointment will give less Pain : But it is better to be done at any Time than omitted. For it is a much less Matter to lose the Attention of a Lover, than to forfeit the Affection of an Husband.

*Book.* Generous and wise. I need not say no Woman, no Man ever thought so justly ; but you will allow the same Privilege to your own Sex, Madam, that you so generously give to ours. They also may look and compare, I hope, as we may.

*Miss*

*Miss Fash.* The Indulgence may be allowed them, but they'll make no use of it. Women are not so sudden in their Attachments of this Kind as Men, but when they have made them they last. Prejudice with them will at any Time stand in the Place of Discernment, and whoever is their Lover will appear the most accomplished of Mankind.

*Loom.* There she goes past again; good God, what shall I do. I love to see her, and yet I am afraid to look at her: Don't you think she looked this Way?

*For.* Poor Man! thou art gone indeed. You hear him, Madam.

*Miss Fash.* Yes, but all this while he takes no Sort of Notice of her.

*Loom.* I am distracted and I do not know which Way to behave, or what to do.

*Book.* Sir, don't imagine any Body here will make himself merry with your Uneasiness; you are doubtless in the most difficult

difficult and perplexing Situation in the World.

*For.* Why as to his taking no Notice of her, I really don't know whether to blame him or not: all these Things depend upon Opinion, and People differ greatly about this. Some Women say a Man has no Business to take Notice of them in Public, unless they curtsy first, or at least look as if they curtsied. These are for treating Men in general, as we were just telling that Gentleman the Men of Quality treat their Trade's People. They wonder at the Fellow's Insolence that dares pretend to be acquainted with them. But there are others who expect every Man's Compliments, who at all times know them, and think him wanting in Civility if he omits them. I don't know which are in the Right: But it's very hard a Man does not know of which Opinion of the two any Woman is that he meets, so that it is an even Chance he incurs her Displeasure without speaking

ing a Syllable. A Lover in this Situation is like a Man at Election Time in some riotous Corporation. The first Mob that meets him asks on what Side he is; it is impossible to know which is theirs, and so it is an even Chance whether he be embraced or knocked on the Head for his Answer: No human Prudence can direct him.

*Miss For.* Always ask a Woman, *Mr. Loom*, which Way you shall please a Woman. Never be disheartened at her imaginary Discouragements. If it were my Case I should think the Man did not deserve my Notice, if he passed by without taking any of me.

*Book.* And you are right beyond a Question; but you must not extend the Rule universally. The World is not made up of Women who judge as you do, Madam.

*For.* There is a Way yet to guess. Does the Lady live within or without Temple-Bar?

*Loom.*

*Loom.* Sir, the Lady lives in the City.

*For.* Bow to her at all Adventures : the People in the City have more Sense than Ceremony.

*Miss For.* Bow to her wherever she lives, Mr. *Loom*; no Woman that is worth a Moment's Thought will take Offence at any Thing a Man does with a Design to be civil.

*Book.* How the Man trembles : Come Sir, here she's coming, call up all your Courage, and pay your Respects as you ought to do.

*Miss Fash.* Why there now : Whose Advice will you take another Time ; was a Compliment ever better received in the World. •

*For.* Why did not he tell you, Madam, she lived in the City.

*Miss Fash.* Wherever she lived the Effect would have been the same I'll answer for it ; give a Woman leave to  
speak

speaking for Woman. The Man who wishes to please, always pleases them.

*Book.* If I were in your Place, Sir, I should flatter myself extremely from her Return of the Compliment: her very Neck blushed as she stooped.

*Miss Fash.* You are a critical Observer, Mr. *Bookley*; one must take care how one looks before you.

*Book.* I am very sure, Madam, you need not care how you look before any Body; and perhaps of all People's Looks I should be least able to judge of yours.

*Miss Fash.* In the Name of Wonder, why, Sir, you surprize me.

*Book.* Not that they are less extensive, but that I am less in a Condition to determine on them.

*Miss Fash.* These are Riddles I shall not ask you to explain; but, Mr. *Loom*, how long have you known this Lady?

*Loom.* Alas! Madam, I don't know her now: We have been used to meet  
at

at Church, and sometimes I have seen her at her Window, nothing more.

*For.* Courage, Man, if that's the Case. That Curtsey and all that Confusion were a very fair Advance for a Woman you never spoke to in your Life, I think.

*Miss Fash.* Come, come, he told you the Lady lived in the City; remember your own Observation; I don't know that I should have done less myself if I had been address'd in the same Manner. I wish Mr. *Loom* a great deal of Success, but I would not have him found his Opinions upon yours, or be instructed by you in his Conduct if he expects to find any.

*Loom.* You said, Madam, you would give me your Advice. You will do the kindest Thing in the World, in telling how I shall proceed. What shall I do, Madam?

*Miss For.* In the first Place, what Fortune has the Lady.

*For.*

*For.* In the first Place, that does not signify a Farthing ; a Woman with a Fortune is as easily got as a Woman without a Fortune ; ask all Mankind and they'll tell you so.

*Miss For.* Vanity is very prevalent among them, and I believe they will ; but ask all Womankind, and they will tell you otherwise. Every Man in the World will say this, but who is it that finds it so ? Or if it be true, why is not every Man of Assurance married to a Fortune. *Mr. Loom*, if you wish to succeed, pay no Regard to any thing he says ; the Lady seems a Person of Sense and Discretion, if you mind him you are ruined.

*Loom.* Madam, I'll give myself up to your Discretion entirely ; I know you will advise me right.

*Miss For.* I'll tell you what would win myself from a Person that I applaud : And what would gain one Woman I fancy will not be lost upon another.

*Book-*

*Back.* Still you are for judging of all the World by yourself. But I long to hear you.

*For.* First, let us set out right. Mr. *Loom*, is not this the Case? You have seen a Lady at Church, whom you think more agreeable than any body else in the World. You have gazed at her there as often as you dared, and you have made it in your Way to pass twenty Times a Day by her House, for the Sake of looking up at her Window. This has been the Case for half a Year, and you are sensible she knows it.

*Loom.* 'Tis more than the Time you mention, otherwise you have described it exactly.

*For.* Set your Heart at rest, and think no more about her. Every Man at his first coming out into the World has done this, and every Woman has fifty such Admirers; but no Mortal was ever made this Way since the Days of *Melboursalem*.

Miss

Miss *For*. Don't be disheartened by any thing he says, Mr. *Loom*, I have better Hopes for you.

*For*. Dear Madam, did you never hear of a Set of Men called *Danglers*, these are they, and I am sure you know what Women think of them; they are People that look for ever but never open their Mouths, and they are as much avoided as those Ghosts and Hobgoblins of the Country, faith, who are always appearing and never speak; one Haunting is as bad as the other.

Miss *For*. You are upon your favourite Topic now, Mr. *Forward*; but we shall not mind you. Don't be discouraged by any thing he says, Mr. *Loom*. You have more Reason, than to build Hopes upon what he tells you on the other Side. I have taken you under my Charge, and see how I'll instruct you.

*For*. I have but one more Word to say to you, Mr. *Loom*, and then I'll hold my Tongue. You have got into the worst

worst Hands in the World for Advice; this Lady with all her Agreeableness, is very little from a Prude; and I forgot to tell you, that there was one Sort of Woman to whom a Dangler is agreeable. The Prude, Mr. *Loom*, is as fond of the Dangler, as the Coquet of the Rake. She'll ruin you for ever, for she'll think your Mistress is just of her own Opinion, and she'll advise you to be always as near as you are, and never any nearer. Your Bow was a bold Stroke, and it was well received; push your Fortune at once, they love a Man that dares tell them what he thinks of them.

Women born to be controul'd

Stoop to the Forward and the Bold.

The Poet said so long ago, and no Man ever doubted the Truth of it.

Miss *For*. Now then you have done. The Alarum has run itself down, and will make no more Noise till it is wound up again. Now, Mr. *Loom*, mind me as you promised.

*Book.*

*Book.* Remember what you promised, Madam, tell him what would win yourself. I long to hear you begin, as much as he does ; and I never knew how troublesome Impertinencies could be, till it interrupted you. Why don't you press the Lady to begin, Mr. *Loom*,

*Miss Fash.* I don't think you are wise in this. You have in a Manner tied up my Tongue, Mr. *Bookley* ; but remember, that before any thing can win a Woman of Discretion, she must be in an Humour to be won by the Person who practises it. That is, she must like, but it is an odd Term, she must approve the Man before the Address can take any Effect.

*For.* And then any thing in the World will win her ; but I am silent.

*Loom.* I entreat you, Madam. You ought to despise me if I pretended to be in Love and was not impatient ; this may be Entertainment to these Gentlemen, but it is Death to me.

*Miss*

*Miss Fash.* Why then without any farther Ceremony, I think you are in the most difficult and nice Situation in the World. Is the Lady your Superior in Point of Fortune, or your Equal?

*Loom.* That is at her Father's Discretion: But what I am told he intends would make it about an equal Match.

*Miss Fash.* Have you spoke to him about it?

*Loom.* He is at this Time in *Italy*.

*Miss Fash.* I cannot tell you that if I had known your Situation I should have advised you to bow to her; but as it is, I think you need not be sorry you have done it. You never ventured any thing of that Kind before, I am sure by your Confusion.

*Loom.* I have a thousand Times had a Mind, but never dared to do it.

*Miss Fash.* Upon my Word you are not indifferent to her. A Woman's Eyes will always shew that, but you must not build upon the favourable Opinion

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she

she is willing to entertain of you: for one Look of Presumption will sacrifice it all. A Woman may think very favourably of a Man without a Grain of Love. It is a very happy Step towards it, but if he stumbles at the Threshold, he'll never find his Way into the Edifice. Shall I advise you freely. You have hitherto had Patience, don't spoil all now by Precipitancy. Let her continue to think thus of you, and find all the Ways you can to encrease her good Opinion; but while you know you possess, don't look as if you deserved it. Modesty is a Virtue, and a great one in Woman: But in Men it is a greater; to a Woman of Merit it is the first of all Recommendations. I am sure 'tis in your Nature: cherish it, and do not let the false Admonitions of that wild Creature banish what will recommend you more, than all his Qualifications.

*Loom.* I am guided by you in all Things: I beg you will direct me.  
There

There is nothing I am so earnest to do as recommend myself to her; but this Modesty, for I am sure I have it, keeps me back : nor do I know what to attempt to introduce myself to her.

*Miss. Fash.* You have made a very fair Attempt ; and you have Reason to be satisfied with the Success of it. Advantages that are quickly gained are soon lost again; let her contrive to think well of you, and do not forfeit her good Opinion by presuming upon it.

*Laom.* I have twenty Times thought of writing to her. Nay, I have even written several Letters, but have not had the Assurance to send them.

*Book.* Then, Sir, I am sure your Modesty was to your Advantage. I take it to be a very natural, but a very imprudent Step to write to a Lady whom you do not know, to tell her of your being in Love with her.

*Miss Fash.* Certainly the most rash and the most imprudent in the World. Consider, *Mr. Loom*, what could have been the Consequence of your Writing? she could not have answered you, for no Woman in the World will write to a Man she does not know, nor is there any thing for her to say if she had a Mind to do it. This is like pressing the Woman with whom you have the Familiarity of conversing to speak upon the same Subject. He who has Prudence will decline it; nay, he who has Love will dread to do it; he will leave it to Time and Accident to give some Occasion, and he will not wait for them in vain; but he who presses her to speak, when there is nothing proper for her to say, must expect she will be displeased, and he will feel the Consequences.

*Book.* *Mr. Loom*, observe what is said to you, this Lady is an Oracle. It is very natural to transgress; but it is certain you will be punished for transgressing. If  
your

Your Mistress be a Woman of Worth; these are the Means by which she will be gained.

*Loom.* My Heart acknowledges them all; but what am I to do: you have told me, Madam, what Step I am not to take, pray, inform me what I am.

*Miss Fash.* Why if your Affairs are such that you may offer yourself upon equal Terms, get some Friend to propose it to her Father, and have Patience for his Answer. The Lady will not listen to any other without your knowing it; this I read in her Looks, and this ought to satisfy you. As you are an equal Match the Father will accept the Proposal favourably. When he has enquired after your Character in the World, he will answer you accordingly: And what can you wish better?

*Book.* But what should have been the Step, Madam, if his Fortune had not been equal?

*Miss Fash.* That, Sir, is not the Case, and therefore there is no Occasion to speak about it.

*Loom.* Dear Madam, you advise me right in every Respect; but a Lover has too much Impatience. Beside suppose her Father should think favourably of me and she not; what would enable me to bear a Disappointment so much nearer to my Happiness.

*Miss Fash.* You seem to have too humble an Opinion of yourself, and of her Thoughts of you; take my Word for it you may be easy on that Head: It is but very little I have seen, but that little has assured me of it.

*Loom.* If I loved her less I could be easy under this; but shall I not ask her Leave to write to her Father on this Subject.

*Miss Fash.* You are distracted if you think of it: it is asking her at once to consent to marry you. Heaven! what Creatures are these Men in Love.

*Loom.*

*Loom.* But is there no Way I could make myself acquainted with her in the mean time: It is a thousand Years to think of, and I don't believe she would dislike it; only, how can I bring it about?

*Miss Fash.* To tell you my Opinion freely, I do not believe she would. But if you attempt it rashly you hazard every thing. I'll enquire whether I know any Family where she visits: if it can be done, I'll make myself acquainted with her, and you shall meet her at our House. If this cannot be brought about, you must find somebody else that does visit there, and get acquainted with that Family: There is no Way but this of attempting it with any Probability of Success, and this Way it will not fail. Possibly I can do it, very probably if I cannot you will find some other Family of your Acquaintance who can. If you can do this you will make yourself acquainted without Hazard; but any other Attempt is des-

perate. Nay, I'll tell you what is yet worse, she with whom you can make yourself acquainted any other way is not worth your being acquainted with at all.

*Book.* You are very happy in your Counsellor, Mr. *Loom*, if you observe her Instructions you cannot lose your Cause. Beside, you have a Friend in Court already.

*Miss Fash.* I am convinced of it that there is a thousand times the Prospect of Happiness in a Marriage that is thus the Effect of a first Choice, than in any Alliance which the Prudence of Relations may propose afterward, or which even a natural Liking may promote after a Number of others have been liked as well : and I am as much convinced that the greater Part of these first Attachments are sacrificed to the inconsiderate Steps that are taken in them. If People who entertain Thoughts of a Woman of Worth would be content to be received as a Woman of Honour and Discretion would receive

ceive them, we should see very few of their Designs that were tolerably prudent miscarry; and for one comfortable Match we should see an hundred happy ones.

*Loom.* This is an admirable Lesson, and he who has not Sense to see it, deserves no Success. I thank you, Madam, and shall obey it to the full.

*Book.* He who does not see that it is so, never will have Success, where it is worth having. Good God, Madam, while you speak to one, you might instruct a thousand.

*For.* The Sermon then is ended, and a Man of common Sense may join with you: Do you hear, Sir, you now that are so ready to observe to the full this Enthusiastick Lecture; which do you think the best Methods of Instruction, Precept or Example; Mr. Bookley, you are better able to judge of that, give me your Opinion.

*Book.* I believe, Sir, very few Exam-

ples could be more convincing than Precept, delivered as that Lady gives it.

*For.* You know the present Company is always excepted, if we say Men are as wicked as the Devil, but in general.

*Book.* The World gives it in favour of Example.

*For.* And your Opinion, Mr. *Loom*, for we must settle this Point immediately.

*Loom.* My Opinion is Mr. *Bookley's*, but at the same time I confess, that in Example that is proved, which is only concluded from Precept.

*For.* So that excepting for the Respect you bear to the Lady who just now spoke, you do confess yourselves of Opinion, that Example would go farther than Precept. Your Exception is an Effect of your Complaisance, not of your Judgment, and I do not desire a better Concession. Now, Sir, here comes Lady *Air*. I suppose you will allow her to be Woman as difficult to be won as the severest

verest Prude in *Christendom*. A good Fortune, an agreeable Creature, and the reigning Toast of the Age ; the Flame and Passion of every Man who talks of Love, or Sensibility. You shall see me carry her, and you shall see how I attack her. After that tell me what you think of your musty Morality, your Distance and your Reserve, and your Modesty and your Patience. Dear Sir, a Woman of any Spirit would not have Patience with you. Would she dear Lady *Air*?

Lady *Air*. No, certainly ! Lord there is no Creature:—but what was it you was saying? What an absolute Flaunt that poor Miss *Afterday* is grown. The Words antient Gentlewoman are written in Capitals upon her Cheeks, and her Eyes seem crept into her Head for fear they should be obliged to read them. O dear, it is a sad Thing People must grow old. Must I grow old, Mr. *Forward*? Is there no Way to prevent my growing old, Mr. *Forward*? I shall die

If I grow old: dear Mr. *Forward*, is there no Way to help it?

*For.* The easiest in the World. Take me in Time and you'll get rid of the Fear. When a Woman's married, it does not signify what becomes of her: You would not wish to please any body else when you was married, and what signifies how a Woman looks to her Husband. These are the plain Conclusions; and all the World finds it so.

Lady *Air*. I beg to be excused, dear Mr. *Forward*, from your Conclusions. I not wish to charm any body but my Husband! Heaven defend me from Husbands.

*For.* Your Ladyship mistook me, I did not say charm, I only observed, you would not wish to please any body except your Husband.

Lady *Air*. Why, was there ever a Woman who could charm People without Pleasure?

*For.*

*For.* Every Day shews you a thousand. I appeal to Miss *Fashion*.

Miss *For.* I am astonished that her Ladyship should be ignorant of it.

*For.* And upon the contrary, there is an Instance in that Lady of one who pleases every body, and never wished to charm any Man in the World.

*Book.* I agree with you perfectly: For it is beneath a Woman who is worthy to be beloved, to wish for Conquests: I suppose you would not infer Miss *Fashion* does not charm more than the idlest Coquette in the World, though she does not give herself the Uneasiness to wish, or the Trouble to attempt it.

Lady *Air.* I suppose if he should say no, you would stand up as an Instance of the Truth that is in your Observation. Is it not so, Mr. Gravity? Ha! ha! ha!

*Book.* It is a Presumption I should no more take, than that Lady would wish to hear it from a worthy Object.

Lady

*Lady Air.* Presumption! by all that's handsome the Man's in the Right: and now we speak of Presumption, in the Name of Wonder, Sir, how comes it that you, a little Prater at the Bar, have dared to think of me. I desire to know this.

*For.* Only to give you an Opportunity of doing the most generous Thing in the World, of shewing that a Woman of Spirit overlooks all Distinctions, when she thinks a Man honestly loves her.

*Lady Air.* A very moderate Compliment and pretty handsome Declaration. Sir, will you be pleased to know that I despise you: But however you have some Wit, and so do you hear, you may talk to divert me.

*For.* When any Thing I say can do that, I shall suppose I am not far from deserving the Consideration of the first Woman in the Universe. He that can find the Way to divert you, *Lady Air*, will soon charm all your Sex; but hang this

this Raillery and Nonsense. I must have you, and I frankly tell you so. Love levels all Distinctions, and so there's an End of your Objection.

*Lady Air.* If it pleases you to fancy these Things in your Sleep dream on; it does me no Harm, and it is not worth my while to wake you. — Oh! but you'll pardon me: I'll give you an Instance in a Moment how sure you are of me, for be as jealous as you please I shall return to my Party now the Colonel has joined them. Adieu, but I'll come to you all again. You'll pardon all this Raillery, my dear Miss *Fashion*.

*Loom.* Well, Sir, is this the Example you were to give us of the Success of Assurance. You think you are very sure of the Lady now, I make no doubt.

*For.* Upon my Conscience I believe he thinks I am not sure of her. Why my dear little Man, do you suppose she means any thing but to have me? Pray Madam, tell him what you think of it.

Miss

*Miss Fash.* Why I must needs tell you *Mr. Forward*, I have my Doubts about it.

*For.* You judge of that Lady by yourself I suppose: Possibly you may have Doubts if that be the Case.

*Miss Fash.* No, Sir, if that were the Case, I should have no doubt at all.

*For.* Well, that's civil however: I must confess you grave People when you do speak a complaisant Thing, give it a peculiar Force by your serious Manner. I don't pretend to be blind to your Perfections, dear *Miss Fashion*, but my Heart and Soul are engaged where you see me pay my Attention. I do think her compleatly agreeable.

*Book.* That a Thing made up of Lace and Feathers should think he had a Heart and Soul about him: I fancy, Sir, the Lady can very well spare your Affiduities.

*For.* If she has yours, Sir, there is no Doubt but mine must come with a very ill Grace to her.

*Book.*

*Book.* Sir, you take a Liberty that gives me Pain : And that I believe would give the Lady Offence did she not remember whence it came.

*For.* Poh ! Hang your Pain and your Offence, if there is a male Prude in the World you are the Man ; as to that Lady I only say I believe the World never took her for a Coquette. This I suppose can give no Offence to either of you, nor Pain neither. You who are so very fond of Prudery in Women cannot help admitting it a valuable Character in your own Sex ; and she will doubtless think herself honoured by the Want of a Title that she despises ; and now I hope I have made it up with both of you.

*Miss Fash.* O, Sir, it is impossible for any Body to be angry with what comes from you ; or if they were you have the Art of dividing away the Meaning of your Words so happily, that it is impossible they should signify any thing but what you please : Don't you think,  
Mr.

*Mr. Forward* is of all Men the fittest for his Profession.

*Book.* I have been told that to puzzle is a good Method with an Adversary whom one cannot convince; if so, I am quite of Opinion that *Mr. Forward* can make the first of Counsellors; no Man perplexes a Cause like him.

*For.* Hang Causes and the Bar. I forget these Things when I turn my Back upon my Chambers. Shall I have my Coquette or shall I not. But I bar your Sentence, Miss *Fashion*, for you talked of Doubts. What say you, *Mr. Loom*. Think again, and then speak your Mind about it.

*Loom.* Why, Sir, I believe if you should, it would be like succeeding in a Law-suit, in which those who get the Cause are sure to be Losers.

*For.* Hah! you improve upon us my dear little Citizen; *Mr. Bookley*, what do you think it would be like if Lady *Air* and I should make this mutual Conquest  
of

of one another, and fix the two most wavering People in the World together.

*Book.* Why I think it would be like the Event of one of those Battles, in which neither Army got the Victory; but both sung *Te Deum*: where there is a vast deal of Mischief done, and neither one Side nor the other are the better for it.

*Miss Fash.* You are answered. But Mr. *Loom*, I am not. Speak at once and speak freely, which do you prefer of the two Lessons, that from my Mouth, or this from Mr. *Forward's* Example.

*Loom.* I must still confess myself so ignorant in the Affairs of Love, that I am not at all more of Opinion than I was that this Gentleman would gain the Lady; but if he should, the Example would be of no Use to me, for it is a Sort of Person I should not presume or desire to think of. I am very well assured your Lesson is the proper Advice for the Man who has placed his Wishes where it is his Interest to succeed:

ceed : And to this other Method, if I thought it could come to any Thing, I should never concern myself about it.

*Book.* This Gentleman who is coming towards us I saw left his Company this Moment ; is he your Acquaintance, Madam ? I fancy he is coming to join us.

*Miss Fash.* That Gent'eman, Sir, is every Body's Acquaintance. That is the very distinguished and eminent Captain *Everywhere*. You will see in him what you little expected to have met with, I dare say, a Man more self-sufficient than our Friend *Forward*, and what is yet more strange, more ignorant ; Capt. *Everywhere* is in his own Opinion the finest Gentleman of the Age ; but I am afraid other People call him a Coxcomb ; but hush.

*Ever.* Madam, your humble ——— Dear *Forward*, how is't, but I break in upon Conversation. I beg your Pardon.

*For.* Faith they had it among them ; we are as whimsical a Party as perhaps  
ever

ever got together. I shall have the Honour of a Share in the Conversation I suppose now you are come ; but before I serv'd them as Heaven serves you and I, *Jack*, left them to themselves. I know nothing of their Affairs, for my Part.

*Miss Fash.* Possibly there is a little Envy in this Indifference ; we were talking of you, Captain, and you know how he would be pleased with that.

*Ever.* You do me infinite Honour. I protest and vow, *Miss Fashion*, you never looked so charmingly in your Life. Were you at the last Masquerade?

*Miss Fash.* It was the first of the *Ranelagh* ones, and I did not suppose any body would be there. I reserve myself for the next; it will be full I take it for granted. You was at the last I presume. I had but a moderate Account of it.

*Ever.* It was not full, but there was good Company and People were in Spirits ;

rits ; I dont know that I was ever entertained better at a public Place.

*For.* He had a happy tete a tete of three Hours, that was all, Madam.

*Ever.* Why I must confess that in my Opinion, the Diversion of those Places depends more upon the People one joins, than on any Thing in the Place itself, at least I have always found it so.

*For.* When you have had those tetes a tetes, my dear *Jack*.

*Ever.* And pray how do you find them when you have not ; though I do not remember that we ever were either of us without one.

*Book.* Are you a constant Visiter of these Diversions. Madam ?

*Miss Fash.* I cannot say I am so fond as many People are of them.

*For.* Perhaps, the Ridottos are more your Passion, Madam.

*Miss Fash.* No truly, of all Things that ever were honoured with the Name  
of

of Diversions, I think them the most insipid and ridiculous.

*Ever.* Sure, Madam, there is no Opportunity so favourable for shewing one's Cloaths to Advantage.

*Miss For.* Were I a Beau, Sir, I should perhaps find the Satisfaction of that ; but though a Woman I cannot please myself with the Applauses that may be paid to my Mercer or my Mantua-maker.

*Ever.* O Madam, the Man who has a good Taylor has a good Taste; he shews it in no Article in the World more ; and to have Taste is to have every Thing, is it not, dear *Forward* ? Not, but I do confess, Madam, I have always thought something was wanting at the Ridottos ; don't you think, *Bob*, it would add greatly to them, to have two or three dozen Card-Tables.

*For.* For my Part, I am of another Opinion; instead of calling them insipid, I think them the most entertaining of all

all public Places ; and when there are got together a thousand of the finest Fellows and finest Women in the Kingdom, I beg pardon of the Company for differing in Opinion, but I think he or she who wants any thing more than such a Sight for Entertainment, never deserves such another.

*Miss Fash.* To see and be seen are I know the great Joy of the gay and gallant ; but if one asks you a fair Question, Captain, which of the two is the greatest Pleasure.

*For.* O to see beyond a doubt ; what Purpose can our Eyes serve for so exquisitely as to view the finest Objects of the Creation, and sure the fine Women are so.

*Miss Fash.* It's a very fine Compliment, to be sure, and spoke like a very fine Gentleman ; but it was not of you I asked the Question.

*Ever.* Why to confess my Sense of the Thing, Madam, I must confess I think

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it a greater Glory to be looked at by one fine Woman, than to gaze upon the whole Creation.

*Miss Fash.* The Captain has great Candour and Ingenuity. Blush, you Brute, and never pretend to be a Beau again. The Man who does not feel the Transport of being taken Notice of by a Woman of Taste, will never dress with any Eclat as long as he lives. This is the inspiring Hope, and without it all is nothing; is it not so, Capt. *Everywhere?*

*Ever,* No body reads the Heart so perfectly as *Miss Fashion*.

*Miss Fash.* So strike yourself off the List of Beaux, I beseech you.

*Loom.* What is become of Capt. *Everywhere?* he's gone in a Moment.

*Miss Fash.* Aye, what's become of him, indeed; look you to that, Mr. *Forward*; for he has join'd your Mistress; see how her Ladyship listens, and laughs and ogles at him. I would not give you

Six-pence for your Pretensions. I don't say he's the prettier Fellow, but there are a thousand Charms in every Tag of a Shoulder-knot.

*For.* O let him go on, let him go on, I have no fear of him; if she is to be lost so, she is not worth the keeping. *Capt. Every-where* for a Rival!

*Loom.* But was not he very rude to leave us without saying a Word to any of us.

*For.* Yes, to be sure he was.

*Miss Fash.* O don't mind him, he's out of Humour. You know he did not come with us, and at a public Place the Man that joins a Party by Accident, always parts without Ceremony. It is the Custom, indeed, Mr. *Loom*, and it would be awkward to do otherwise.

*Book.* I find there is less in this great Matter of Politeness, than we Men who live out of the World imagine. If a Man of Sense will always behave as his Understanding directs him, he will generally

nerally be in the right, and he who has Good-nature will be well bred whether he will or no.

*For.* You know it was observed long ago, that good Manners is only a kind of artificial good Nature, and to be sure the Reality will always do in the Place of the Counterfeit.

*Book.* I do you Honour for your Reading. I was only considering how what had been so often said, was shewn to be perfectly true in Practice.

*Miss Fash.* I don't find that you are both quite so right as you take yourselves to be: Nor, perhaps were your great Writers who taught you the Lesson. Good Sense will teach a Man what is proper, and good Nature will prompt him to do what is pleasing; but this is not all that is required to make a Man polite. 'Tis not only to know what is right, but he must know how to do it. All this may perhaps deserve a better Name than Politeness itself: It is not even the doing

these Things that comes up to what we mean by the Word, but it is the Manner of doing them : And there is the great Article belonging to it, nay, it is in a Manner Politeness itself which you with all your *Temple* Education, Mr. *Forward*, are in my Opinion almost as much to learn, as that grave Gentleman with his College Studies, that is Ease.

*For.* I am very much obliged to you Madam, for the Observation ; I am sensible you must be excellently qualified to instruct one in Politeness, because you are so very polite yourself in the Manner of delivering your Observations.

*Book.* I think myself, indeed, obliged to you, Madam, and I beg you to proceed.

*Miss Fash.* You are sensible I am right, Mr. *Forward*, by your feeling it. Hang Politeness in such a Conversation as this ; it ought to have a better Character Sincerity. If you'll suffer me to be as free as Friendship to you both would make me,

me, I must say over again, you both want that great Characteristic of Politeness Ease: He is awkward, and you are affected: If you'll let me compare the Ornaments of the Behaviour to those of the Person, he is a country Squire, and you are a Fop. The Faults you each of you must needs see in the other, may be of vast Use to you both, if you would arrive at this most amiable Qualification; for the fine Gentleman is just between you. Mr. *Bookley* must get rid of his home-spun Cloth, and you must lay by your Fringe, and it will be very happy while each of you are endeavouring this, that you have before your Eyes the Impropriety of the opposite Extream. Changes are frequently made from one Extream to the other: But this will serve to remind you both of stopping in the Midway, and it is there Politeness lies.

*For.* So you absolutely think there is something in Mr. *Bookley*, Ma-

dam, that it would become me to imitate.

*Book.* I am sure there is a great deal in you, Mr. *Forward*, that I shall be proud to copy.

*For.* No Body doubts it.

*Book.* But I assure you this Petulance on a Friend's putting you in Mind you are in the Wrong is not among them: And Heaven forbid that Sense of your own Accomplishments, which makes you think it impossible you should be in the wrong in any thing should be. It's pity such Faults are joined with such Accomplishments.

*For.* I'll tell you what, you are a strange Couple of People as ever I was in Company with in my Life: But it is not worth while to take any thing ill you say. However, as I should never take you, Sir, for my Example in Politeness, any more than that Lady for my Instructor, I shall take my Leave of you and join Lady *Air*. I think you  
will

will not dispute, that I shall in that Party find Example and Precept together.

*Miss Fash.* Yes, for Captain *Everywhere* is present to support all her Ladyship's Observations.

*Book.* You have put him thoroughly out of Humour.

*Miss Fash.* O, you mistake, it is the Captain who has put him out of Humour. Lady *Air* would be a very advantageous Match for him, and he fancies he is sure of her. For my Part I do not know how to judge of such People, but I wish he is not mistaken. The Captain with a Woman of her Turn is a dangerous Rival.

*Book.* The Man who is uneasy about one Rival, I think deserves to have a thousand. I can form no Conceptions of Love where there is not Esteem; and I don't know what Esteem there can be, where there is no Confidence.

*Miss Fash.* I think you are too hasty. May not a Man be sensible enough of

a Woman's Merit to be very much attached to her before he has any Right to that Sort of Confidence.

*Book.* Madam, you are in the right: but you are always so. One Thing, however, you must give me leave to observe, that the Observation belongs to a different Sort of People from these Triflers. I know you did not mean it of them.

*Miss Fash.* You are too hasty in all your Determinations. Mr. *Loom*, let us call in your Opinion between the two, because I know you are quite unprejudiced; do you think my Cousin or the Captain the finer Gentleman.

*Loom.* I think the Captain's Cloaths are a great deal genteeler than Mr. *Forward's*.

*Miss Fash.* That is determining between their Taylors; but I ask you about themselves.

*Book.* Indeed, Madam, such Men's Taylors are so much themselves, that  
Mr.

Mr. *Loom* is very pardonable in the Light in which he saw your Question.

*Loom*. As to the Gentlemen they appear to me to be very much the same.

*Book*. No, Sir, I can't think so. Their Follies are of the same Stamp, and they indeed make up a very material Part of their Character: But the Men are very different. You see a Peevishness in Mr. *Forward*, which if I may have Liberty to judge, is a very ungenteel Thing in any Man: The Captain has great Conceit, but that is not offensive, and he seems of all Men the farthest from being likely to give Offence to any Man. But I beg your Pardon for delivering my Opinion, Madam, where you did not ask it,

Miss *Fash*. I should have asked it if you had not prevented me: And if I can judge of them at all, you are perfectly right in what you have been saying. But you are not to suppose any Thing better or worse in the Disposition of

either from this. One is very likely as  
 exceptionous as the other, but the Captain  
 has seen more of the World; and a  
 Smile will go farther there, than all the  
 Petulance human Nature can be possessed  
 of. Besides it absolutely is not safe, and  
 that I wish my Cousin *Forward* does not  
 sometime find. He has been used to con-  
 verse with Men of quiet Dispositions;  
 and those who if they are out of Humour  
 about a rough Speech only return it by  
 another. This is the Conversation of the  
 Coffee-houses about the *Temple*; but it  
 is another kind of Deportment that Men  
 put on at St. *James's*. The Sense  
 of Honour is quick, and the least Hint of  
 Rudeness may be the Occasion of a Dis-  
 pute in which the Man's Life is to be  
 forfeited to his ill Manners. There are  
 a thousand unjustifiable Consequences of  
 this Practice: But there is nothing in  
 the World that so perfectly introduces  
 good Breeding. Mr. *Forward*, who is  
 used, if he says a rude Thing, only to  
 hear

hear a rude one in return, does not think there is much in it, and will neither baulk his Wit, nor his ill Humour on such an Occasion; you see from this very thing he is often troublesome; and one is in continual Pain for him: On the contrary, the Captain who knows, that if but a disrespectful Word escapes a Man's Mouth, the Consequence is a Visit in the Morning, to demand Satisfaction for the Indignity, suppresses every Tendency toward Incivility; and being accustomed to this perfect Politeness in some Companies, it becomes natural to him in all; and is in all Places a peculiar Grace to his Behaviour.

*Book.* How excellently you distinguish. I am obliged to the Gentlemen for the Example; though I detest the Source of it. It is possible, Madam, that the Practice of deciding the least Controversies by Methods that would hardly be justifiable in the greatest, may have had this good Effect, for the worst Things.

will have some good ones : But it were better that all Men were returned to the Rudeness of their painted Ancestors in their Behaviour, than that they should have introduced for the Refinements of their Manners, Customs more barbarous than any those rough Ages ever thought of : they do that against Religion, which common Morality taught the others to avoid.

*Miss Fash.* If you suppose I spoke any Thing intending to justify, or but to palliate the Brutality of such a Custom, you mistook me. But we are very grave, and are run away from our Subject. *Mr. Loom*, it was you to whom I was speaking, for, Sir, I shall not presume to give you Advice, who without Compliment are so much my Superior. You agree with *Mr. Bookley*, that there is a Difference between these two Gentlemen, which of them do you prefer ? that is which would you wish to imitate?

*Loom.*

*Loom.* It is a very easy Matter to be like Mr. *Forward*, but I think it would recommend me a great deal more, if I could be like the Captain.

*Miss Fash.* You have good Nature in your Heart by your making that Observation ; and that is half the Matter ; but you would not wish to be entirely like the Captain ?

*Loom.* I would not wish to be a Fop, Madam, either in my Cloaths or my Behaviour ; but I think if I could speak as agreeable as the Captain does, and not draw myself up as he does, I should be very happy.

*Book.* I fancy, Madam, both this Gentleman's Observations and mine shew you, that Nature, though she does not teach one to be polite one's self, shews very clearly what is right in others.

*Miss Fash.* And that is all you can expect from her. She is to give you the Principles, but Observation and Example are to form your Conduct.

*Book.*

*Book.* You see, Madam, we are ready to make the Observation, for I shall not give you leave to exclude me from the Number of your Scholars ; but where is the Example ! It is easy to mistake Faults for Reflections in the Person who has something for us to like : but where shall we find the right Model ?

*Miss Fash.* I must confess to you freely, I don't know where to point one out to you ; although a Woman myself I can see that several of my own Sex are perfectly what we mean by the fine Lady ; but if there be such a Thing as a fine Gentleman, it has not been my Chance to see him. The Faults, however, in those who approach to the Character, are easily separated from the Things in which they in some Degree come up to a just Idea of it : And as there are, though not in one Man, yet in several different Persons, Approaches and those tolerably fair ones, to all those Particulars which go to form it, the whole Secret lies  
in

in knowing how to select them, and to distinguish what in each Character, that makes any kind of Approach, to imitate, and what to avoid. When this is properly done, a Person who has the Foundation of a good Understanding, and will be attentive and determinate in the Design, will not fail to excel any one of his Models, and possibly he will produce what shall be to others, that Example himself could no where find.

*Book.* I am apt to believe, Madam, you are the first who ever suppos'd a fine Understanding necessary to the making a Man a fine Gentleman; but I perfectly agree with you.

*Loom.* Then I suppose, Sir, we shall see you soon the finest Gentleman of the Age.

*Book.* From any body else, Mr. Loom, this would carry an Air of great Contempt and Severity; but I believe you mean it as a Compliment. I have been thrown into a Course of Education, which

which has tended more to cultivate an Understanding, than that of many People ; but I know nothing of my having any thing more than a common Share of that Advantage. Besides, if I had, there are Reasons why I never can excel in this agreeable Point.

*Miss Fash.* Pray, modest Sir, and what may those Reasons be.

*Book.* I find Partiality to our Friends can blind the most discerning Eyes. Madam, when I have named them, you will allow them all ; but though I have no Pretensions to expect Excellence, I wish extremely to be decent. Politeness, Mr. *Loom*, is among those Things which to be practised well must be learnt early. There are a thousand Things besides, which if People do not acquire while they are Children, they will never execute with a Grace ; and I am very conscious, that you, as well as myself, are mad if we attempt any thing more than not to be absurd. We may under such

an

an Instructor to guide our Observations, arrive at doing Things properly; but that Ease, which will accompany Propriety in Persons early accustomed to Politeness, is not to be acquired at our Time. To know what we have to hope, is half the Acquisition; don't let us deceive ourselves by aiming at Impossibilities.

*Loom.* To behave myself with Propriety, and to have the Satisfaction of knowing that in whatever Company I am, I shall commit no Mistakes, is all I have any Ambition to arrive at. I shall leave it to others to be Coxcombs.

*Miss Fash.* You are a couple of the humblest Gentlemen I ever met with; but take my Word for it, that you will go higher than you expect, and that from this very Modesty which does not suffer you to expect it: for to let you into a great Secret, such the Blindness of Men make it; as there is not any thing so ungraceful as that Assurance which  
many

many People mistake for good Breeding; there is not any thing whatever which communicates so much Grace to a Man's Behaviour, as that Diffidence which by shewing that he fears he does not please, plainly enough speaks that he wishes to do it.

*Book.* We have wandered from the Point, though we are still upon the Subject: But I am so little in an Humour to lose the Benefit of any of your Observations, that I shall be able to bring you back to the Place whence we turned aside. You was saying, Madam, that different Parts of this agreeable Accomplishment might be copied from Persons, no one of whom was in himself excellent: and that while he avoided the Faults of the Characters we might adopt these its better Parts. Precept sinks twice as deep in the Minds of Men when it is strengthened by Example; we have had two Gentlemen with us just now, who are I am sensible full enough

of Faults, and who have yet, as I am equally conscious, many Things that we may copy to our great Advantage ; be so obliging to separate these, Madam, and it will be an Instruction to us hereafter, when we have not your Assistance, and when we see other such Examples.

Miss *Fash*. You impose a disagreeable Task upon me ; but I know all that is said here, is in Confidence. Then in my Opinion, if you will imitate from Mr. *Forward* that Readiness in Reply, without that distasteful Freedom which accompanies it in him ; and if you will attempt to learn from him those polite Phrases and Turns of Expression, in which he is so happy, without that Affectation with which he introduces them ; And, to conclude the Lesson, if you will be as unconcerned as he always seems, without taking that Pride which you see he does in it ; you will have gathered as much from this single Person, faulty as he is in the whole, as you can well expect

pect from one Character. Are you of my Opinion ?

*Book.* I am very proud of my own Judgment, for this is the very light in which I saw him.

*Loom.* But, Madam, the Captain ; will you consider him as freely ?

*Miss Fash.* I don't know him so well, but I'll give you my Opinion, and if it agrees with your own, I shall think you have more Reason to adopt it. The Captain's Character in my Judgment, depends more upon his Manner and the Management of his Person, than upon any thing peculiar in his Discourse : If you can learn from him that erect Posture, easy Motion, and open Countenance, you will add a vast deal to what you have acquired from the other ; for *Mr. Forward* is doubtless as bad in his Manner, as the Captain is elegant. There is a particular Reason also, why you should study this, for 'tis what makes the first Impression ; and all  
People

People are prepared to hear favourably what such an one says. Then if you can borrow from him that easy Utterance and Complaisancy of Countenance, under which every thing he says comes from him, you will add another great Charm, and in fine, there is his perfect Civility; for his Sentiments are of a Piece with his Manner, and that is particularly adapted to the conveying of them. There is all this to imitate in the Captain, but then there is enough to avoid.

*Book.* I am perfect in my Opinion of the Justice of all you have been saying. There is a staring Boldness in the Manner of Mr. *Forward*; whereas in the Captain there is an equal Sense of Importance, but it is governed by a Sort of decent Reserve, that stands in the Place of Modesty: And then Mr. *Forward* can say a rude or even a shocking Thing, which the Captain never did nor can: And I am assured if he saw how ungraceful that Freedom is in himself,

and

and how pleasing the Captain's certain Decency; if he could see that every body is in Pain for him, and that every body is easy while conversing with the other, he would himself turn Copyist in that Particular.

*Loom.* People are blind to their own Mistakes, or perhaps, they take them for Excellencies: 'Tis happy for us that we have both for the Comparison.

*Miss Fash.* Now give me leave to observe to you, that the Faults of the Captain's Character are Vanity and Insincerity. You see a Tincture of the Coxcomb in every Thing that comes from him, and he is so plausibly civil, that no one will suppose him to mean any Thing by his Professions. There are People who speak well of every body, and consequently whose good Word is not worth having; and in the same Manner, these humble Servants of all the World are supposed to be no body's Friends: If you would have your Civilitie

ties take Place, you must be somewhat reserved in the Use of them. And if you would have your Ease and Propriety of Expression obtain you the Applause of others, you must not let it be seen that it has too much of your own.

*Loom.* All that this Lady has said, is plainly right; and yet who would have supposed so much could have been learnt from Persons so faulty in the whole, as both these Gentlemen are. I protest, that I am quite convinced all Miss *Fashion* has mentioned as right in them, is worthy Imitation; and yet rather than be compleatly what either Mr. *Forward* or the Captain is, I would continue the rough thing I am.

*Book.* Mr. *Loom* is certainly right, and yet from these two Persons you have found the Way to give us Examples of almost every thing that is right.

*Miss Fash.* You are not to wonder at this, for it is from these extravagant People,

People, in those Things where they are right, that Models of Imitation are generally to be drawn. I shall have an Opportunity of shewing you sometime at our House, a Person who is more than ten thousand such as these the true fine Gentleman, and yet you would scarce see to what it is owing, or know what Part of his Character to copy. When the several Particulars which go to the Composition, are thus blended with one another, they make the best Assemblage, and offer what we admire; but they are too much melted down into one another, for our separating any for Imitation. Where they are mixed with conspicuous Faults they are most easily separated.

*Loom.* Pray, Madam, is not this Gentleman an Exception to the Observation you made before, that you did not know of any compleat fine Gentleman.

*Miss Fash.* No; he is vastly more near the Character than either of these, but he is still far from it. He wants Spirit  
and

and Vivacity to give Life to the general Character; and he wants Knowledge to stamp the true Value upon his Gravity. With these Defects, however, he is preferable a thousand Times to such as these, and perhaps I am the only Person in the World who distinguish any thing defective in him.

*Book.* I beg, Madam, you will give me Leave to ask, whether this be the Gentleman whom I heard mentioned as if offering his Addresses to you?

*Miss Fash.* It is; but though I approve him greatly, you hear me speak of him without Rapture. They are not the Eyes of Love that see Defects which others overlook. To give you my true Sense of him, I think he deserves more than I allow him: And I have often accused myself of not considering him with the Respect I ought; and which I see paid him by others, and do not think too much.

G

*Book.*

*Book.* What a Perplexity in that Declaration ! But I have been told, the Heart of a Woman is of all Things the most difficult to be understood.

*Miss Fash.* When you have a Right to understand mine, perhaps, it will appear less intricate; but People are going : we shall not get the Coach however this half Hour, and in the mean Time we'll mind who and who are together. Where is Lady *Air* ? for Mr. *Forward* is of our Party.

*Loom.* I saw him this Moment ; but is this the Time of knowing who and who are together more than any other ?

*Miss Fash.* You will have an Instance of it presently, in Mr. *Forward*, who knows at present that we came together.

*Book.* O I understand you, Madam, and 'tis certainly so. People that came, will go together ; and tho' 'tis impossible to observe them as they come into the Room, it is easy to do it as they go out of it.

*Miss*

*Miss Fash.* Many of the Parties that come hither are composed of Husbands and their Wives, and Lovers and their Mistresses ; these separate as soon as they enter the Place, and one joins one Party and the other another ; the Man goes off single, the Lady keeps her Company. Beside these, there are a Number of idle young Fellows that come hither alone, and are to fix themselves to some Acquaintance to go home withal. Nothing of all this Attachment, or Attempt to Attachment, is seen while the Place is crouded, but towards the End of the Evening you see the People gathering to one another. The Husband that had been gallanting twenty different Women during the Course of the Night, comes with his sober Face to his Wife ; and the Coquet who had been giving herself Airs with fifty Fellows, goes Home in the Company of some one, whom nobody ever suspected to be her Lover. One sees by the Parties that

are together, what old Acquaintances are broken and what new ones are made; and it is a great Satisfaction to be let in to all the News of the Town without the Pain of hearing any of the Slander.

*Book.* I see it all before me. Pray let us observe a little; what a Million of Things are lost to the Person who does not know how to direct his Observation.

*Miss Fash.* Mr. *Loom*, in what Part of the Town are you to be set down? Mr. *Bookley* is very near us I know.

*Loom.* I am in your Way, Madam: if you'll be so obliging to drop me in *Parliament-Street*, I shall be within a few Doors of the Family where I sup.

*Miss Fash.* Sir, if you please you shall both set me down; and then take care of one another, unless you sup with us, Mr. *Bookley*; then we'll get out at home, and the Coach shall wait on Mr. *Loom*.

*For.* And what Provision are you making for me, Madam; do I sup with you,

you, or am I to be left in the Street? But do what you will with *Colin*.

*Miss Fash.* I was enquiring after you, Sir, but I thought Lady *Air* had seized upon you. I know nothing of your Engagements, you know very well, Sir. I do not make my Mamma's Parties.

*For.* Faith, I forget whether I sup with you or no, but I'll go home with you.

*Book.* How distasteful, Mr. *Loom*, is this Gentleman's Familiarity, after the Consideration we have been making on Behaviour. One does not know how much Things are wrong, till one has compared them with what is right. Madam, shall we wait on you.

*Miss Fash.* You seem to forget the silent Lady that came with us, she dropped the Party just now. I don't know whether she did not join Lady *Air*; but I don't wonder that so busy as we were in Conversation, you

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did not miss one who took no Part  
in it. She's here. My Dear, are  
are you ready to go? We'll wait on  
you.



Book



THE  
BOOK OF CONVERSATION.

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PART III.

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CONVERSATION III.

*On a Visit.*

The Company; Sir Samuel Fashion, &c.

Lady Air. **S**IR Samuel, you are a  
Man of Worship, and  
will do something by Way of Procession;  
but I am not among such a Mob of

Beaux in my own House here, that I don't know what to do with myself ; I hope Lady *Fashion* will be here. I sent Cards to more Women, but I think they don't care to come near me, I shall have the censorious World say presently, that I keep Company only with the Men.

*Ever.* I fancy that will be the Case, Madam, whenever your female Acquaintance know Men are to be here. They must be conscious they shall not receive much Adoration, and they are Goddesses that delight in Incense ; if they are not involved in Clouds of Praise, they never attend to the Sacrifice.

*For.* There's nothing a Woman hates so much as to sit by and see another courted ; and I suppose that must be the Case where your Ladyship was present, if the Men were as numerous as an Army. You must not wonder they don't come to such Parties.

*Book.*

*Book.* Sir *Samuel*, I observe, that here is the same Sentiment delivered by both these Gentlemen; but with what a different Air it comes from them. The Captain's Manner of expressing it was delicate though affected.

Sir *Sam.* My Cousin *Forward* is coarse and common in his Speeches of Civility, though in other Parts of his Behaviour, where he is not too free, nobody is better.

Lady *Air.* Protect me, Sir *Samuel*, they are overwhelming me with Compliments; I protest if you were not here I should not have ventured to come down to them.

Sir *Sam.* O Madam, a married Man is an old Woman upon all these Occasions. I remember when a Tye-Wig was as good a Protection to a Party of Girls in the Park as a Suit of Pinners. But Lady *Fashion* will be here, and I believe my Daughter; in the mean Time, I don't think you have a great deal to

fear. You have stood the first Fire, and that I believe the Captain will tell you is the most alarming Part of an Engagement.

*Ever.* I have not had the Honour of much Service, Sir *Samuel*; but if I may judge by myself, there is a thousand Times more Terrour in leading up the Men to the first Onset, than in all the Fury of the Action. We understand that we have no Right to be in Concern about our Lives; our Country has a Title to them; we have received her Pay a great while, and this is the Service for which it was granted. In this Light we have nothing to do with Fear; for every Man gives up his Life as exposed to the Hazard, and if he escapes is fortunate. But though a Man of Honour is incapable of that cowardly Thought; still as a Man he must feel the Terrors of the Scene which is ensuing, and as you have very justly observed

served all those Terrors are in the first Motion.

Sir *Sam*. This is something out of a Lady's Way, Lady *Air*, but you have Good-nature to make Allowances. I led the Captain into it, and I love to hear a Man speak well in the Way of his Profession.

*Book*. I hope every Officer in the *British* Service thinks as this Gentleman does on this Subject: If it be so, we have the most gallant Army in the World. I am very much unused to Compliments, Sir, for I have spent my Life in a Study; but you have given me new Sentiments of the Gentlemen in the Service.

*Ever*. Sir, you are very obliging; but we are all this while entertaining the Lady very oddly.

Lady *Air*. Not at all oddly, Mr. *Everywhere*; I take Part in every civil Thing that is said to you, and I assure you, and that's saying very much, that

I should have little Pleasure in hearing myself complimented. So much good Sense from a red Coat, and so much Civility from a black one, are too uncommon Things to be passed over with Inattention ; but I believe one may account for it. I know you, Captain, had an excellent Tutor, and studied hard before you came into the World ; and that Gentleman has the Advantage of visiting in the politest Family in Town.

Sir *Sam.* I am sorry Lady *Fashion* is not here to take her Part in the Compliment.

*Book.* I am very proud to hear your Ladyship give so just an Account of that Part of Education, which is so much neglected in general by the Gentlemen in the Service. For my own Part, I am too conscious of my unpolish'd Deportment to take any Part in what your Ladyship is pleased to say, farther than the observing that civil Things appear in a new Grace where there is a Merit

Merit to support them ; which is certainly the Case with the Family I have the Honour to visit, and from whom I wish to form my Conduct.

*Sir Sam.* Certainly we are a Set of the choicest People in the World that are got together here; but too much of this will be tiresome. I agree with Mr. *Bookley* in applauding your Ladyship's Reason for this Gentleman's particular Advantages. And I have often thought that it is a most unhappy Error, that those who are intended for the Army are supposed to have little Occasion for the Accomplishments of Learning.

*Ever.* I have very little to boast of *Sir Samuel*, with respect to myself in that particular ; but I owe to the little I have read, and the just Notions that worthy Man who had the Care of my Education gave me of it, an Opinion that of all the Roads of Life, the Service is that in which Reading may be of most Advantage.

*Book.*

*Book.* How graceful, Sir *Samuel*, is this Gentleman's Modesty in speaking of himself: Miss *Fashion* has been accusing him of some Faults; I wish she had been here, she would have declared she injured him in all.

*Lady Air.* I never heard you talk in this singular Manner before, Capt. *Everywhere*; but so far as I am able to judge, it is extremely becoming.

*Ever.* I have very seldom the good Fortune, Madam, to be in Company who are fit for such Conversation; but I believe that Gentleman agrees with me.

*Book.* I know no Lesson so likely to inspire worthy Sentiments as Example, and this is to be found no where so well as in History; nor are the greatest to be found in any History, except the ancient. The Bravery of the old Heroes will inspire, while their Conduct will instruct, the attentive Reader, who is in the same Course of Glory, and while he  
thinks

thinks he is only entertaining himself with what is past, he will be improving his Mind for all that is present and to come. The Successes and the Disadvantages which he sees to be the Consequence of Conduct and of Precipitancy, will raise his Esteem for the one, and his Indignation against the other, more than a thousand Admonitions: And instead of the little Experience of his own Life, he will have the Actions of two thousand Years for his Instructors.

*For.* Lady *Air*, while these grave People are entertaining one another with their anti-diluvian Conversation, suppose I should say some civil Things to you?

*Sir Sam.* Indeed, I think it Time, Cousin *Forward*.

*Lady Air.* The worst in the World, for they never could come with so ill a Grace, as when I am so much pleased with what I hear from others. The Captain is a Favourite with all the Ladies, so  
that

that my looking favourably upon him is no Miracle ; but I assure you I have heard that grave Gentleman with great Satisfaction. We overlook many Things merely because we don't understand them. I shall think better both of a Scholar and a Soldier as long as I live, for what I have heard this Afternoon.

*Servant.* Sir *William Civil*, my Lady.

*Lady Air.* To the Ground, your Servant, sweet Sir *William* ; what unknown World has been honoured these ten Months with your Residence? No *Ranelagh*! no *Vauxhall*! no Route! no Park! no nothing at all, sweet Knight, I have died to look upon you.

*Sir William.* O you affected Creature! but I have indeed, been in a World that is quite strange to you, the World of Contemplation ; and would you know the Way I was in, it is so very near the World of Melancholly, that I hope you will never get into it.

*Ever.*

*Ever.* Sir *William* Civil and melancholly! what can have made such a Combination?

Sir *William*. I don't know that I ever was merry Capt. *Everywhere*; but I have no Right to entertain the Company upon a Subject that has been so far from agreeable to myself: You named the public Places, Lady *Air*, has any body been there lately, for I have absolutely left them the last Month or two?

*For.* The same Faces, Sir *William*, that always shew themselves there. The Pictures upon the Seats are not more constant, and I wish I could say the moving Figures were half so entertaining.

Lady *Air*. You are severe, Mr. *Forward*, don't you recollect that we have sometimes made a Part of them. Yourself sure had a Title to more of your Respect.

*For.* I did not talk of those who were sometimes, but those who were always there; beside, Sir *William*, you see, had  
no

no Concern in the Compliment, and if we except your Ladyship, I don't know, that the rest of us made any Exception to the general Rule.

*Sir William.* I have called often at your Door, *Sir Samuel*, but I have been so unfortunate never to find the Family, at least never to find all the Family at Home.

*Sir Sam.* I believe you'll see us all together presently : I am very sorry, *Sir William*, you have made your Visits at Times so unfortunate to us ; but *Lady Fashion* and my Daughter promised to be here this Evening.

*Sir William.* I am very unhappy in my Endeavours to make myself agreeable to that Lady.

*Sir Sam.* I will not pretend to determine on so nice a Subject. Sincerely, *Sir William*, I shall think her strangely in the Wrong if she is blind to your Pretensions : You are sensible that you have more than my Approbation ; you have my

my Wishes. I shall think my Family honoured in your Alliance, and cannot doubt my Daughter's Happiness in it. But I have nothing more to give you than my good Wishes. He deserves to be miserable himself, who would influence a Child by his Authority, where her own Inclination is the sole Means to give her Happiness.

Sir *William*. You are the best of Fathers. I honour you, Sir *Samuel* : far from blaming you.

Sir *Sam*. Sir *William*, I have the best of Daughters. Were there any Danger of my Child's making an unworthy Choice, while she declined what I thought for her Advantage, I should add to the Tenderness, a little of the Authority of the Parent; but while I am confident that if she declines what I think well of, she will not prefer to it what I shall judge to be amiss; I think there is no room for my Authority, and that there can be no Occasion for my Admonition.

Sir

*Sir William.* Most generous and disinterested of Men. I approve and applaud every Part of your Determination. I would not owe the Consent of the Person on whose continued Contentment with her Situation my own Happiness must entirely depend, to any but herself.

*Sir Sam.* In that, as in every thing else, *Sir William*, you merit her Consent. I can see no Cause for which she should refuse it to you.

*Sir William.* I dread to ask you one Question, *Sir Samuel*; is there no other Person she esteems?

*Sir Sam.* Not to my Knowledge, *Sir*, upon my Honour; and I think there is nothing of which I could be more sure, than that she would tell me if she did.

*Sir William.* Shall I presume a little farther, *Sir Samuel*, upon your Friendship; for in Sincerity my Happiness is perfectly dependant on it. You have  
assured.

assured me you do not know of any other Person she has thought of. Will you ask her ?

Sir *Sam.* Most readily; there is a natural Reserve on this Occasion in her Temper, and I honour her and love her for it. In my own firm Opinion this is all there is against you; if there be any Thing she disapproves in you, tho' I cannot imagine this to be the Case, you must pardon the Follies of a Sex naturally led by Fancy rather than by Reason; but you shall know of it. As to a Preference given to any other, I cannot suppose possible; but if she have, before she knew you, thought of any other, or whatever be the Occasion, so far as I can discover, you shall know it.

Sir *William.* I thank you from my Soul; it is like the rest of your Conduct, Sir *Samuel*; the open Generosity of the Friend, and the reasonable Tenderneſs of the Father, shew themselves alike in all you say.

*For.*

*For.* Sir, I am very serious in what I have been saying, and I think I have a Right to be uneasy about it.

*Ever.* Mr. *Forward*, this is the worst Opportunity in the World to speak of it.

*For.* Sir, if it's a bad Opportunity for me to speak about it, it's a bad Opportunity for your doing it; and I say it again, I have Reason to be uneasy.

*Sir William.* Something's amiss here, Mr. *Forward*, sure you forget yourself strangely to speak so loudly in a Lady's Hearing. Capt. *Everywhere*!

*Ever.* I should be very sorry, Sir, if you had Occasion to say any Thing of that kind to me. I think he is very much in the wrong, and I told him so. We may talk of our private Affairs at any Time; I have no desire to interrupt the Harmony of a Company about it.

Lady

*Lady Air.* For my Part, I never met with any thing of this kind before, nor ever have been so astonished. I beg, Sir, you will set this Matter right between them.

*Sir William.* Captain, pray give me leave; *Lady Air* has given me her Commands to make up this Misunderstanding. What is it about, *Mr. Forward*?

*Ever.* *Sir William*, you will be pleased to consider my Situation. The Cause must be very clear, where any Man in the Service makes up a Difference.

*Lady Air.* *Mr. Forward*, I desire you will have some Respect to my House. You have behaved monstrously, don't add to it.

*For.* Madam, I am very sensible of my Fault, but I don't know that it could have been prevented. Nor to confess the Truth, do I see how it can be accommodated.

*Lady Air.* Heaven and Earth *Sir Samuel Fashion*, I am out of my Senses!

a Dispute at my House and myself the Occasion of it. I would not for the Universe! What shal I do Sir *Samuel*.

Sir *Sam*. O don't be discouraged, Madam, there will be no Harm. People that are so open in their Animosities as to draw others to interfere, and find it so difficult to accommodate them when that is undertaken, never will do one another any Harm.

Sir *William*. I can make nothing out between them. For Heaven's Sake, Madam, what has occasioned all this Uneasiness.

Lady *Air*. I protest to you I cannot tell. Mr. *Forward* I believe was displeased at the Captain's touching my Hand, and the Captain took it ill that he should take any Notice of it.

Sir *William*. Madam, pray give me leave to ask you, which do you think was most to blame.

Lady *Air*. For my part, I think one was as much in the wrong as the other.

Sir

Sir *William*. Dear Capt. *Everywhere*, this is nothing to be uneasy about : Mr. *Forward*, you have nothing to take amiss nor this Gentleman upon my Honour. There is no Dispute between you. Let the Lady make up your Difference.

*For*. I shall not give the Captain Opportunity to say yes first, to that Proposal.

*Ever*. I cannot disobey Lady *Air* in any thing.

Lady *Air*. Then I tell you you are a Couple of silly Fellows, and I command you to be as good Friends as you used to be.

Sir *William*. Capt. *Everywhere* is it made up ? Mr. *Forward* is all forgotten ?

*Both*. As much as if it had never happened.

*Servant*. Lady *Fashion*, and Miss *Fashion*.

H

Lady

Lady *Fash*. You'll pardon us, my dear Lady *Air*. We have been detained where it was impossible to avoid it; but I need not tell you that there are Houses out of which it is not easy to get, if one's Foot is once within them.

Miss *Fash*. But that is not all, there is another Excuse, and I am sure Lady *Air*'s Good-nature will allow it all its Weight. We have been making a first Visit, and it was in the City, so that you won't wonder, Madam, we could not get quite so soon away: but we have been serving the Cause of a worthy Lover.

Lady *Air*. You make me blush to suppose Apologies could be necessary here.

Miss *Fash*. But I must tell you, dear Lady *Air*. You saw a young Person the other Evening with us at *Ranelagh*.

Lady *Air*. I remember him, a pretty modest looking young Man, with the Appearance of a Merchant.

Miss

*Miss Fash.* I should not doubt your Ladyship's Discernment; he is indeed a Citizen, and he is a Lover, the plainest best meaning Man in the World, we have found the Way to visit in his Mistress's Family, and have prepared for his introducing himself.

*Sir William.* Is it possible, Madam, that plain well meaning, and honest Sincerity can recommend a Man in your Eye to the Consideration of another, and yet have no Effect upon yourself. How is it you can think thus differently.

*Miss Fash.* It is impossible for me to speak, *Sir William*, upon this Subject. I wish I could prevail with you to talk upon some other.

*Sir William.* I should be sorry when I have the Honour to speak with you, to have one thing in my Heart, and another upon my Tongue.

*Book.* I took great Part in *Mr. Loom's* Distress; I am vastly happy to hear that you have succeeded for him;

but how should it be otherwise when you undertook his Cause.

*Sir William.* Would it were possible that any Eloquence could affect upon you, Madam, what it is so easy for yours to affect upon others: is there a Possibility? but I am in the wrong, and I entreat your Pardon. Whatever you make me suffer, I have no Right to give you Pain; and I know that in pressing you upon a Subject on which you do not chuse to speak, and on which I should tremble to hear you if you did; I am only adding to my own Anxiety, and making the greatest Breach upon Good-manners. I see you will not answer me; but, pray, Madam, pardon me.

*Book.* This is the Gentleman you spoke of. I am concerned for him; and I tremble for myself. What a Word has escaped me? but you did not attend to it.

*Miss Fash.* If you will credit me, *Sir William*, no Situation can be at this Moment

ment so painful as mine. Your Civilities accuse me, and yet I am not to blame in giving up your Claim to my Answer; you should demand it, but that I have nothing to say. If it can add any Thing to such a Character as yours, to know that it appears to me one of the best and most valuable in the World, you have that Testimony: And though it may look forc'd, to speak so much in your hearing, those who know me will assure you, I never mention you otherwise when you are not present.

Sir *William*. Madam, I know not how either to be silent or to answer you; what an Act is this, of adding to a Man's Affliction by your Kindness.

Miss *Fash*. If I stop here, I say too little; if I speak one Word more I say too much. To be silent after this, would be to say you have my Esteem; and if it were natural to expect its growing up to other Thoughts. This were unjust to you and to myself. Sir *William*,

I will speak to you as I ought, with that Freedom which becomes my own Character and yours; and though perhaps it is not common for a Woman to speak at all on such Occasions, I am convinced I ought.

*Sir William.* I am eager to hear you, Madam, and yet I could almost wish you to be silent; but there is nothing you can speak I ought not to be glad of hearing.

*Book.* Although unconcerned, what a Part do I take in this Conversation.

*Miss Fash.* I shall not be ashamed to own, that my Father has told me, I am honoured with your good Opinion. I hope I shall always hold that Place in your Thoughts, for I am sure that may be, without one farther Sentiment. He tells me you have wished to speak to me on a Subject of the greatest Consequence; I understand this to be the greatest Compliment which it is possible a Man can pay a Woman, when the Advantage

vantage of Fortune is not on her Side ; but I must make you this Acknowledgment, and decline all Thought of it. I beg you will believe me, for I am very serious in telling you, that I believe whenever you shall marry, the Lady who receives your Hand will be a very happy Wife : But, Sir, such is the Caprice which governs Women, that, pardon me for continuing this strange Freedom I have taken, were I to think of entering on another State of Life, with all this Sense of your Deservings which I truly have, I don't know, that you would be the immediate Choice : Nay, though it will look rude and monstrous, I must add, I am convinced you would not. All I can add to this is, that I do not at this Time entertain any Thought of being otherwise than as I am ; and that I beg of you to receive this almost indecent Declaration, as not the Effect of Choice, but forc'd from me by the Sense I entertain of your

H 4.

Worth ;

Worth ; and as a Truth which I am ashamed to own, and yet which you have a Right to know.

*Sir William.* Still, Madam, you continue as you at the first set out, adding to the Pain of losing you, the Addition of knowing more and more the Value of what I was ambitious to have possessed. What can he say who is conscious he ought to give up every Thought of you from what you have said ; and yet whom every Word you have spoken makes more-incapable of quitting you.

*Lady Air.* You are strangely grave in that Corner. *Mr. Bookley*, you are mute, *Miss Fashion*, is it a Rule that every body who is in love with you is to be the most sorrowful Man in the World ?

*Sir William.* Indeed, *Lady Air*, I believe you have spoke the most certain Truth that ever has been uttered.

*For.*

*For.* A pretty Character, my pretty Cousin: why you design to be married don't you? And who do you suppose will ever venture to fall in love with you after such a Declaration?

*Lady Fash.* Fie, Cousin *Forward*, Miss *Fashion* has a great deal of Good-nature, else she would have a Right to be very angry with you.

*Lady Air.* He's the best Friend she ever had in her Life. Come, Come, my dear Miss *Fashion*, I am unmarried as well as you, and I don't know that any particular Person has a Right to suppose he is at all nearer having me, because I say that neither I, nor I believe any Woman else, desires to be unmarried all her Life. This Reserve makes Fools of us all. Throw it off my dear, and be like other People.

*Miss Fash.* Different People, dear *Lady Air*, I see understand the same Thing different Ways. I don't know that I am more right than your Ladyship, upon

this Head, but certainly I think very differently of it. Of all Things in the World I look upon it to be the last to treat ludicrously in ones Thoughts.

*Lady Air.* People I see do view the same Thing very differently ; for Deuce take me if I think there is any Subject in the World that so ill becomes a grave Countenance.

*Sir William.* And you imagine, *Lady Air*, that the laughing Lover is more like to be successful : But I ought to make a thousand Apologies for speaking in this Manner.

*Lady Air.* To speak from what I know of myself, certainly.

*Ever.* I am apt to believe her Ladyship speaks the general Sense of the Sex on this Occasion. There may, indeed, be an Exception.

*Lady Air.* No body knows better the Way to a Lady's Heart, than Capt. *Everywhere*, except it be the gallant Mr. *Forward* there. I will rest it for my  
Part

Part upon their Opinion; what say you Gentlemen? What is the best Way to engage a Lady's good Opinion?

Sir *William*. O Lady *Air*, I beg to enter an Exception; we are talking of two Things quite different from one another. I believe it is very possible to have a Lady's good Opinion, and yet to be at an absolute Distance from her Heart. And I fancy, one of those Gentlemen will join with us, that it is possible to have a Lady's Heart, and yet to be at a Distance from her good Opinion. Perhaps also your Ladyship will join in that Observation.

Lady *Air*. Why to speak like a very Woman, that is, to speak without Disguise what it is not to one's Advantage you should hear, I must confess to you, that I have always found my Heart in least Danger, where my Judgment has been most strongly attacked; but I would not have my Opinion be supposed the Standard of all other People.

I have declared my Sense of the Matter ; and now, Gentlemen, who are here present, if there were a Lover among you, would he take this for an Indignity or for a Compliment.

*Ever.* For my own Part, Madam, I should be contented to have your Heart any Way, and I should be apt to flatter myself, that when I had got so much of you, all the rest would follow.

*For.* I suppose it is my Turn to speak next. But I truly don't know what to say. I wish your Ladyship would give me your Heart to try.

*Lady Air.* Sir *William Civil*, I must have your Opinion.

*Sir William.* There are very few Things, Madam, I should wish to purchase, at the Expence of being despised by the Person from whom I obtained them. I must confess, that if I were put to the Choice, I believe I should prefer the good Opinion of the Person I loved without her Heart, sooner than  
her

her Heart with a Contempt of me, and a Sense that I did not deserve it. But I am afraid I make an odd Declaration in this for a professed Lover.

Lady *Air*. Not at all ; I am not the gravest or the wisest of Womankind, but I think you would be more likely to get both from me than either of the others.

Book. A very fair Declaration, Sir *William*; most People would pursue their Fortune.

Sir *William*. You are the last Man in the World, Sir, whose Advice I should ask on this Occasion. Your Ladyship knows with what Security you talk to me thus.

Sir *Sam*. But as your Ladyship have given so frankly your Sentiments, as to the gaining a Lady's Heart ; and these Gentlemen who I find have both of them Pretensions to your own, do not seem to be surprized at them ; I should be glad

to hear the Methods they judge best for the obtaining it.

*Lady Air.* I beg my Heart may be put out of the Question, and then let them go on as soon as they please.

*Sir Sam.* Mr. *Forward*, you are a Man of Gallantry, and a Friend to all the World. You have succeeded many a Time in this arduous Task, and you would wish others to succeed; pray give us your Opinion of the best Method of winning this glorious Prize. I am very disinterested myself, but there are those present who will be very glad to hear, I am assured.

*Sir William.* You imagine there are more than one in that Situation, *Sir Samuel*?

*Sir Sam.* Indeed, *Sir William*, I believe so.

*Sir William.* I believed so before, now I am certain of it. Surely, *Sir Samuel*, you have no more than a Belief of this.

Sir.

*Sir Sam.* You are graver than I had any Thought of making you. Upon my Word, what I spoke was at Random. I am the Confidant of no Man's Passion in the World but yours.

*Sir William.* I am satisfied. *Mr. Forward,* you remember the Request that was made to you. I beg your Pardon that what *Sir Samuel* and I were speaking of interrupted you. I beg you will proceed, and give so useful a Lesson for the general Benefit.

*For.* Why then my Opinion may be delivered in a very few Words. When a Man's in love with a Lady who knows the World, and who has Sense and Spirit enough to be worth having, why the bolder he is in his Attacks the sooner he'll carry the Fortrefs. I have heard of your long Sieges, and Terms, and Capitulations ; but I have seldom met with any good Account of them. Some more powerful Forces have raised the Siege in the mean Time, or the Governor has insisted

insisted on such Terms, that the Town was not worth having ; that has been the general End of what I have seen in this Way. But to the daring every Thing is easy. You are a Soldier, Capt. *Everywhere*, have not you found that People generally yield to what they think it is impossible to withstand ? Rashness often stands in the Place of Courage, and People are frightened who never would be conquered ; be bold and prosper, that's the Motto of my Arms ; what say you, Lady *Air* ?

*For Women born to be controul'd,*

*Sloop to the Forward and the Bold.*

How should a Fellow expect a Lady to have a good Opinion of him, when he has not a good Opinion of himself : Or with what Face can he demand her Consent, (for no Man ever obtained that by begging it,) when he supposes it would Weakness in her to give it. I would be have every Man attempt a Woman that is above him ; but I would have him  
make

make her suppose by his Conduct, that he thinks himself at least worthy of her: If she cares a Pin for him she will easily enough be brought to entertain the same good Opinion of him that he harbours of himself: And she will be much more likely to give her Consent, when she thinks he does her an Honour in accepting it. There's my Creed in Love, and I'll stand to the Truth of it. *Probatum est. Experto crede Roberto.* But I beg Pardon for talking *Latin* before the Ladies.—Let me look once in those mysterious Eyes, Lady *Air*, and I'll soon tell whether I am right or not.

Lady *Air*. Go you, wild Creature: This a Scheme of Love indeed! fie, fie, I have nothing to say to you.

*For*. That is, you think me the impudentest Fellow in the Universe: would any Man wish a better Recommendation? Captain, we are to have your Opinion: Nay, no Backwardness, I have set you the Example.

*Ever*

*Ever.* Why then I must confess, it is in all Respects contrary to yours. I mean, that a Lady worth pursuing will not in my Opinion be obtained any otherwise, than by an exactly contrary Method. If she were a Chambermaid, or the Daughter of some honest country Farmer, I fancy you would get her Submission, for don't call it her Consent, sooner than I should ; but give me a Person of Consideration and Understanding, one who has Rank and Merit to distinguish her; or in very few Words, let us have a Lady. *Air* for the Prize, and I am assured my Arms will be victorious.

*Sir William.* You set out gloriously Capt. *Everywhere* Perseverance, and Success.

*Ever.* That, Sir, is my Method. You give me Honour in distinguishing it.

*Miss Fash.* We are like to improve here; this is a most notable Contest.

*Sir William.* Alas, Madam, you trifle when you say so. These are not the Arts that can win your Approbation. For Heaven's Sake are there any that could effect it.

*Miss Fash.* No Arts most certainly; but indeed, *Sir William*, it will be to both our Interests never to speak upon this Subject again.

*Sir Sam.* My Dear, what are you so grave about? You interrupt the Captain. My Cousin *Forward* had a fair Hearing, pray do this Side equal Justice. A notable Contest, *Mr. Bookley*, is it not?

*Book.* *Ajax* and *Ulysses* disputing for the Armour of *Achilles*. I wish it does not take the same Turn: You remember the Story, Madam: the Poet tells us Eloquence prevail'd over the Sufficiency and Pride of Courage and of Merit. You will not blush to be so conquered, *Mr. Forward*. I have given you a good Apology.

*For*

*For.* Had Lady *Air* been to decide in that Dispute, she would have given a different Decision. You Men of Learning are very often out, but never so much as when you meddle with these Matters. Sir *William*, what think you of a Man's comparing such Judges, I say nothing of the Disputants; but to draw an Example for a fine Lady from a Set of greasy Soldiers. But Captain I interrupt you, and faith I dont want to prejudice the Jury. Go on. I won't say go on and prosper, for I no more wish that than fear it.

Lady *Air*. Proceed, dear Captain, never mind that sufficient Creature, proceed.

*Ever.* You see, Sir, Modesty has already obtained a Sanction, that never was given to Arrogance. The Lady sees I want Support and Encouragement, and she has given it already. Is not this Prefage against you.

*For.*

*For.* O vastly, to be sure. You know a great deal of the Sex by supposing it. Go on, Sir, we beseech you,

*Ever.* Then, Sir, I am to observe, that you and I seem to have taken one another's Part in this Matter ; but it is not the Habit makes the Monk, nor the red Coat the Soldier. You are the General trusting all to Storm ; I am the Council having the Merit of the Cause and pleading ; but we are declaring our Sentiments as Men, not as the Soldier or the Council. You say you would attack a Woman's Heart, by making yourself first a Master of her high Opinion ; and that to bring her to consent to you, you would talk like a Man who deserved a greater Conquest. Sir, making Lady *Air* the Subject, no Man could deserve a greater, because there is none such. I leave you to talk at Random, and in general Terms ; but were I, and it is a pretty Thing enough to speak in Way of Supposition, did the whole  
Hap-

Happiness of my Life, and does it not? depend upon the obtaining Lady *Air*, I should suppose no Distance too great, no Humility too much, nor any Assiduity too long. I should suppose a Fortrefs of such Worth not to be attempted by a rash Assault; but every Step to be in Method and with Security. I should glory in every Inch of Ground by which I advanced; and as there are Arts in War, to those alone I should be for trusting the Success of such an important Enterprize. To bring it to the general Consideration, he is but half a Lover who does not suppose his Mistress to be all that this Lady is; and therefore this is the Method he will naturally use to gain his Point. I am sorry to observe so harsh a Circumstance, but according to this Rule, and it is what I think holds universally; far from deserving to succeed, (and no Man will succeed with a Lady of Merit who does not deserve it) he is not a Lover. The Man

who enters the Field with Threats and sounding Words and a pretended Self-sufficiency, is not a Hero but a Bully ; and he who sees the Danger and the Importance of the Enterprize, generally does all, although he promises nothing. They say Flattery will go very far with Women ; I believe Fear will go yet farther ; for Fear, Mr. *Forward*, when it arises from a Sense of the Worth of the Object, is Flattery. Whatever I felt, I would pretend this Fear ; whatever was in my own private Thoughts, I would put on Humility. I would make her own Merit appear the greater, by the Sense of my Undeservings : though I were superior in every thing, I would pretend to think myself inferior ; nay, though I knew I was conferring an Obligation in giving her my Hand, I would affect the greatest Sense of receiving one. I would study her very Faults, and teach myself to believe them Virtues ; and from being the Man of all the World who de-

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clared myself most favourably concerning her, I would be the Man of all the World of whom she thought most favourably : for it is a Rule, and a most infallible one, that all the Merit one gives to another which is not deserv'd, is in return given to ourselves, whether we deserve it or not.

*Lady Air.* Very well; extremely well; is there any more of this? Pray give us all of it.

*Every.* I would find out what were the Faults she most disliked, and I would avoid them the most strictly; nay, if there were any Virtues she disliked, I would avoid them too. The Lover should be with his Mistress, as the Author ought to be with the Public: 'Tis ridiculous in either to justify what they are inclined to condemn; and instead of Right and Wrong, both are to establish their Opinion. Of all Faults I would avoid Jealousy, or if I found even so much of it unavoidably in my Disposition

position, of all Things I would endeavour the most carefully to hide it. Of all good Qualities I could the most affect Good-nature, and the less I had of it in my Composition, the more eager would I be in my Pretence to it. I would affect every Thing that could make me agreeable to her, and if long Affectation did not make them all natural, why it would be Time enough to drop the Pretence when I was married, and when it would not be her Interest to quarrel with me. This, Sir, is my Sense of the general Way to obtain a Woman's Heart, and I have delivered it only as general : to derive from it the particular Conduct of the Man who should pretend to Lady *Air*, for that is I suppose the Application ; it is only that he be in Reality what it is so much the Interest of the others to pretend. The Task of a Lover, when the Lady is of this Rank in Merit, is the easiest in the World, and the Situation he is in the most advantageous.

tageous ; if he have good Qualities they will recommend him, and the Conduct he is to observe requires little Study ; true Politeness, and unaffected Good-humour will go a great Way. If he have many bad Qualities he must have more Affectation. But in this Case the very Pretence is in some Degree a Virtue, and he will have nothing to affect but Virtues. He must pretend to be a much better Man than he is : Is there any Disadvantage in this ? And I am sorry to add for the concluding Observation, that whoever makes this Attempt, will find her Ladyship so long in winning, that he will have Time to continue the Affectation till it grows into Reality. This is one of the Advantages that attend courting a Woman of Merit. A Man finds so many good Qualities necessary, that I am afraid in general many of them must be pretended to recommend him : He will see the Esteem of the World rise just in Proportion to that of the Lady, and  
even

even if he should not obtain her, in the End, he will have become a better Man by the Attempt, and will honour her although he lose her.

Sir *Sam.* I am silent till I hear your Ladyship's Determination.

Lady *Air.* Why if it were not that I have no Thought of either of the Fellows, they have drawn their Arguments so close to their imaginary Addressees, that it would be impossible for me to answer at all. But as I desire this Company will do me the Justice to remember, that I have no Sort of Regard for either one or the other, I may with great Frankness speak my Opinion.

Sir *William.* We are your Witnesses.

Sir *Sam.* In the Name of Wonder, now, on whose Side are you about to declare yourself.

Lady *Air.* Indeed, Sir *Samuel* on neither Side. I shall do you both the Justice, Gentlemen, to allow that I believe you have declared your real Sentiments.

*Miss Fash.* It would be unjust in the greatest Degree, to doubt that: their Practice shews it.

*Lady Air.* You see, Gentlemen, how that Lady joins with me; so that I am not partial in the Decision. Your good Opinion of yourself therefore, *Mr. Forward*, is quite natural. The valuable Qualities you boast, you believe you possess; and on the other Part, your Humility, *Captain*, is assumed, as his Arrogance is real. Thus stands the Case upon your own Confession. He shews a vast many bad Qualities which he possesses; and you pretend to a great many good ones, which do not at all belong to you. I cannot help thinking you both very bad Pleaders in your own Cause. Had one of you been silent, I might possibly have supposed his Insolence put on, and had the other of you held his Tongue I might have fancied the Humility of the other real: If you will believe me, when you wish to succeed, you must keep

keep your own Secrets. I don't know whether you have ever done me the Honour to think of me in earnest ; for Mr. *Forward*, your ready Freedom would say to whether you did or not; and your Civility, Captain, would pretend it whether or not you had any Meaning ; but, if you had you may be very sure what must have been the Fate of your Pretension. I suppose this only the Gallantry of one, and the Politeness of the other ; so that I have no absolute Concern in the Matter, but am only to give my Determination: which is this, that there is one Quality you have both omitted in your Character of a Lover, and which is worth all you have named, that is Sincerity. When you are inclined to pay your Addresses in earnest, know this, for it is the most important Thing you can be told ; if you should attempt without it, all your Resolution and all your Artifices will come to nothing. I have always seen, Mr. *Forward*, that your Ar-

rogance and good Opinion of yourself was real, and that your Civility, my most polite Captain, was pretended: This Opportunity does no more than put it in my Way to tell you both my Mind; and I am very glad you hear it.

*For.* Madam, I thank you in the Name of both; Captain, give me your Hand, how do you do after this? Pray what was the Sum of the Harangue, was it not that Sincerity was the best Virtue a Lover could possess; and did not she say the next Moment that I was the very Thing I seemed. Come, I think this is a pretty friendly Declaration; she must have had as much Impudence as myself, to have gone any farther before this Company.

*Ever.* I give you Joy, Sir, of your Victory: Much good may the Imagination do you, for you will have no more than the Imagination.

*For.* Miss Fashion, what can this Man possibly mean, can you guess?

Miss

(( 175 ))

*Miss Fash.* Not I, Sir, I protest. I declare myself an utter Stranger to all this Controversy.

*For.* Come, answer me yourself, my dear Captain, for nobody here can guess what it is possible you can mean by your Triumph.

*Ever.* I am sorry that should need an Explanation. Did not you hear the Lady declare against my Confession of Artifice; would you have her confess Artifice herself in the same Moment: If she has declared any Thing against Design, I profess that it has escaped me, and you may see easily enough, if your Passion and your Pride do not conspire to blind you, that while she reprimanded me for my Folly of confessing, she gave me a Lesson and Example at once in her own Artifice and Secrecy. I do confess, that I never saw Indifference better acted, and I assure you it was acted. Believe me, dear *Forward*, you may set your Heart at rest about Lady *Air*. I

fancy you had better find another Attachment: What do you think, Sir *Samuel*? for we still want a third Person to decide between us.

*Sir Sam.* Why I may be mistaken, but I think one of you is as likely to win the Lady as the other.

*Capt.* Why then we are born Rivals, my dear *Bob.* and we are to continue so for ever; come, give me your Hands, and let us act upon Honour and be friendly.

*For.* Curse me then if ever I use any indirect Methods from this Moment.

*Capt.* May I lose the Lady if I ever after speak a Word against Assurance.

*For.* Or I against Humility and Artifice. So we are Friends for ever.

*Capt.* Both satisfied.

*Sir Sam.* And as sure as you are both alive, both in the Wrong. What say you, my Dear, for Women are better Judges in these things than Men.

Miss

*Miss Fash.* You know I am a very free Speaker. I think as Captain *Everywhere* said of her Ladyship, that both himself and my Cousin *Forward*, have given Precept and Example in one : They have shewn us in their several Persons, what according to their Precepts a Lover ought to be, and I think her Ladyship has as frankly given her Sense of them both.

*For.* So you think that her Ladyship meant all the severe things she said of me.

*Capt.* And you imagine, *Miss Fashion*, that when she spoke against Artifice she was in earnest.

*Miss Fash.* That, Sir, is my Opinion, and I say yes to Mr. *Forward*.

*Sir Sam.* Mr. *Bookley*, come this is a Place of speaking freely ; what is your Opinion of this whole Matter ; will either of these Gentlemen succeed ; or which of them ?

*Book.* You must be sensible, Sir, that I have no Experience. I have been told that Lady's Hearts are very difficultly known, and I could only guess at those of others by my own, which I am far from ashamed to confess, has no Diffimulation. If I am to speak of these Gentlemens Opinions concerning what would be most meritorious in a Lover ; and if I may do it freely, my Sense is, that I wonder two Persons could be of such contradicting Opinions, and yet both in the Wrong. I can only guess at what a Lady would determine, by considering what should determine if I were a Lady, which is, that if all Men were of one or the other of these Opinions, I should think it advisable to die unmarried. I may easily err in this, but there is one by who can very well determine.

*Miss Fash.* I have my Sex in my Favour ; but I am quite of your Opinion.

Sir

*Book.* There are no Compliments of which I could be so sensible, as that which you are pleased to bestow upon me. For I know no Proof so certain as this of my Opinion being always founded upon Reason.

*Miss Fash.* Fie! Of all Men, Mr. *Bookley*, I did not expect Compliments from you.

*Sir Will.* I am surprized at that Madam.

*Book.* Of all Men in the World, Madam, I would be proud you should know that from me you were the most certain of hearing what is my real Opinion.

*Miss Fash.* Come let us drop the Subject. What think you absolutely of our two Orators? for I am of Opinion you cannot dignify their Declarations with a less Name than that of Orations.

*Book.* To be very free, Madam, I think I never saw two People so perfectly in the Wrong; but I would not on any Consideration have been absent from the

Party. You have told me, Madam, and I am very sensible of it, that there are many things in both these Gentlemen, which it will be to my Advantage to imitate ; and I now see a great deal in them both, which it will be my Interest to avoid. I have been a Hearer, I believe, of all the Faults that can attend an Intention of recommending a Man's self to a Lady : They have, at least the greater of them, have struck me as wrong, when they were spoken ; and the rest I have been convinced were so by the Effect they took on you. While I listened to these Gentlemens Extravagancies, Madam, I have been looking on your Eyes, and in them I have had the Pride to find most of my Opinions of their Errors confirmed ; and some things in their Declarations pointed out as Errors, which your Delicacy perceived as such, tho' they escaped me till that Notice. I know not how far these Gentlemen may have served their own Cause mutually, but I

am

am greatly obliged to both : The little you have spoken has pointed out the Methods the Lover of a Lady of Worth ought to pursue ; and your Disapprobation of the Methods they avow, what he ought to avoid. I am very sure what appears right to such a Judgment as yours is right, and what appears otherwise is wrong : But that is not all ; if ever I should presume to profess myself a Lover, that is the Determination which must stamp the Value on the Character.

*Sir Will.* You are extremely polite, Mr. *Bookley*, under the Mask of all this Plainness : Pray give me Leave to hear again, what it was you last said to the Lady.

*Book.* That if ever I should be a Lover, it would be that Lady's Voice that would determine whether I deserved, or did not deserve to succeed.

*Sir Will.* 'Twas that, Sir, which I asked you ; I was not certain that I heard it rightly.

*Book.*

*Book.* I spoke it, Sir, that you might hear it.

*Lady Fash.* I have been a very careful Observer of this whimsical Scene; and there was nothing I so much wished as to know your Opinion of it, my Dear. You have made me very happy in declaring it: For you are, as you always are, to do you Justice, quite right in your Determination.

*Miss Fash.* When a Parent speaks favourably it is not well to call it Flattery. I shall suppose I have judged rightly on this Occasion; and there is none on which I should more wish to do it. For my Part, I must confess these are not Lovers I should like.

*Lady Fash.* We are to ourselves and may speak freely. These Gentlemen's Affiduties are all employed about the Lady, who has been so free in her Opinion of them. My Dear, I have the greater Satisfaction in your declaring against such Pretenders to Merit, as there is the greater

er Certainty of your seeing it where it is real. Sir *William Civil* has visited us often, and has never lately seen you; his Visits have been all intended principally to you; and I think he does you Honour in his good Opinion.

Miss *Fash*. Madam, you cannot conceive how unhappy you make me in this Conversation. I intreat of you to change the Subject.

Lady *Fash*. My Dear, here are ourselves only; Mr. *Forward* is a Relation and a Person to be trusted: I have had no Opportunity of speaking to you in Sir *William Civil*'s Company but this, and I don't know when I shall have another. You despise such Men as these as Lovers; what must you think of him who is the contrary?

Miss *Fash*. Dear, Madam, if I must speak of him as a Lover, nothing. I do not nor can I speak upon that Subject any farther, than that I cannot think of him as such. While I say this I accuse myself,

Ma-

Madam, and I accuse my Sex of Folly: I could appeal to many for the Truth of what I say, when I assure your Ladyship, that I think so highly of no Man whatever as a Gentleman, a Person of Worth and Honour, as I do of Sir *William Civil*: But to confess a Frailty in our Sex, or perhaps 'tis only in myself, as to which her Ladyship has been silent; I look upon the Person who deserves all the Esteem in the World as not certain of our Affection. I could never think favourably of the Person whom I did not perfectly esteem: But when I look upon Sir *William Civil*, I see a Person whom I must always esteem and respect in the most compleat Degree, and yet whom I cannot, nor ever could love. I beg his Pardon and I beg yours, for saying this: But he has right to my Sincerity on this Occasion; and to you, Madam, I should not dare to dissemble: This is and always will be my Opinion with respect to that Gentleman; if it be yours that such Thoughts without any  
more

more tender Sentiments can make him happy as my Husband, and me in being his Wife, I will prefer your Opinion to my own, and pay you my Obedience; but if you suppose I ever can think otherwise it is a Mistake, and it may prove a very fatal one to all of us.

Sir *Sam*. Dear Child, your Inclination shall determine this, and neither your Esteem nor your Obedience. Sir *William* has my good Wishes as well as your Mother's, and I believe he has the good Opinion of all the World; but there requires more to be happy in a Marriage. My Dear, I have always declared against forcing, or even biasing your Sentiments on this important Head; but I beg of you to let Sir *William* visit you, and to look upon him with Impartiality: what you are at present so great a Stranger to may grow upon Acquaintance.

Miss *Fash*. It were dishonest to give such Hopes, when I know the Impossibility of their being accomplished. I am  
cer-

certain, Sir, that this would never happen.

*Lady Fash.* Dear *Nancy*, you cannot be certain of it. You speak of what you know nothing of, and you fancy you can judge of it: I only join with your Father in requesting you to see Sir *William*, for I can now perceive what I never imagined before, that you have avoided him by Choice, and not been absent from Accident.

*Miss Fash.* It is your Pleasure, Madam, to command, and I shall know it my Duty to obey the Injunction; but I must confess I can never willingly do this: I beg Sir *William's* Pardon, and assure him I know no Cause for this more than a Woman's Folly.

*Sir Sam.* You shall not be commanded.

*Sir Will.* I have been silent in an interesting Scene, but I must now say, far be it from me to ask it on these Terms. I beg it may never be commanded; I can

see

see that it is not Aversion in the Lady, but merely Coldness. I will not offend her with any more Sollicitations, but wait for what may, tho' I suppose it will not happen, a Change of her Inclination in my Favour.

*Sir Sam.* I think there never was so unhappy, or so honourable a Courtship.

*Book.* On all Parts.

*Sir Will.* I have only one Question, and yet I dare not ask it. I claim no Merit from my Passion, and I have therefore no right to expect an Answer; and yet I must request of you, my Lady, to propose it: Is there not some other who takes that Place in the Lady's Favour, which had there been no such happy Man, I might have obtained.

*Sir Sam.* You hear the Question, and I hope you will answer it.

*Miss Fash.* I dont know, Sir, that a Person whose Addresses I never received, has any right to ask me; but if it be  
you

be your Pleasure that I speak, I beg my Words may not be misunderstood ; I have not listened to an Offer from any other Person.

*Sir Will.* I am satisfied. 'Tis as I guessed, and I am miserable.

*Lady Fash.* *Sir William* is gone away very uneasy, and I think you gave him more Reason, my dear Child, than you should have done. You declared yourself in a Manner that scarce amounted to an Answer. Sure there was no Cause for that Resentment, with which you spoke upon his asking what I think he had a Right to be informed of.

*Miss Fash.* I am afraid I am mistaken, Madam, but indeed I thought he had not. I do not say I answered without Warmth, for indeed the Question gave me Pain. I thought it, as I said, too much, unless I had first listened to him, and afterwards declined him.

*Sir Sam.* Come, come, my dear, the Girl is in the right. I think extremely  
well

well of Sir *William Civil*, and I wonder that she does not ; but it is plain she does not, and I beg she may never hear another Word upon the Subject. From me she never shall.

*Book.* I have been present at a Scene which I had no right to hear ; but it was your Pleasure that I should not go. I must observe upon it that I think the Affection of a Friend, the Tenderness of a Parent, and the true Duty of a Child, never were displayed so happily. I must add too, that I think there never was a Lover who distinguished better, or who bore what it is plain was the most severe Pain more patiently.

*Miss Fash.* Then you think him, Mr. *Bookley*, nearer the Character of a Lover than either of those Gentlemen who are now putting their Observations in Practice on her Ladyship at that End of the Room.

*Book.*

*Book.* I must be very far from thinking you have done otherwise than well, Madam, in your Refusal of a Person of Worth, whom you happened not to like in that Character in which he wished to appear to you ; but I must have Leave to say, that Sir *William Civil* appears to me as much preferable to either of those in the Character of a Lover, as he does in that of a Gentleman. I am sure I speak unprejudicedly, and certainly the greater Pretensions he might have had to another, the greater, Madam, is your Generosity and Candour in declining them, since he was not to be happy to be the Sort of Man you should select.

*Lady Fash.* Mr. *Bookley* has done you I believe no more than Justice. I am satisfied, and I shall press you no more to see Sir *William*. I am glad you see his Character in the same Light that your Father and I did. Although you disapprove him you will say we did not accept the Offer of an unworthy Person;

son ; nor have we pressed it on you when you shewed yourself averse. When you have a Choice of your own, I only expect you will tell us of it. Nay, to talk like the Mother, perhaps, with as much Curiosity as Care in the Request, when you have but a Thought of Preference to any Man, I wish you would speak it. You may be wrong, though I do not think that likely ; but if it should be so, and we should find it, it were better you heard of it early than later.

Miss *Fash*. I should deserve great Blame could I do otherwise.

Lady *Air*. We have formed two pretty Parties, but I beg your Pardon.

Lady *Fash*. My dear Lady *Air*, we were going.

Lady *Air* 'Tis not late.

Lady *Fash*. Pardon me, I shall never think it so in your House ; but you know Sir *Samuel* is punctual.

THE



THE  
Book of CONVERSATION.

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PART IV.

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CONVERSATION IV.

At Lady *Fashion's*.

The Company ; Miss *Seewell*, &c.

*Lady Fash.* **T**HIS is extremely  
friendly, sweet Miss  
*Seewell*. We found a great deal of Plea-  
sure in making this Acquaintance, and  
you

you give us double Satisfaction in shewing that you are pleased with it. This quick Return of our Visit is the most striking Proof of it.

Miss *See*. I could not be so far wanting to myself as not to return the slightest Call from this Family, as if it had been the longest Visit. I am very sensible of the Honour your Ladyship did me, and am very happy that the only Way in which I could make that Acknowledgment, it required, is favourably received: I was afraid I should seem impertinent and intruding to wait on you so soon, Madam, but I judged it the best Side to err. I could never have pardoned myself nor ever deserved to have been pardoned a Fault on the other. But I am still afraid I have been too hasty. I am not acquainted with Forms.

Miss *Fash*. When People are pleased with a new Visit, whether it be a fresh or a Renewal of an old Acquaintance, they generally make it a Rule to return

it within the Week. If this is omitted the Person who made the Visit supposes the Overture is slighted, and often takes it so ill, as to order herself to be denied when the other comes. You have taken the most fashionable Step in the World, and I quite join with my Mamma in telling you it is the most agreeable. I hope we shall be always intimate.

Miss *See*. It is impossible, Madam, that it should be my Fault if we are not. But I am very happy that I have not done wrong. I find People that mean to shew their Civility seldom fail of doing it in some Degree right, and if they do it is pardoned.

Lady *Fash*. Indeed, my dear Miss *Seewell*, Errors in good Breeding generally arise from the Heart, and not from the Unacquaintance with Custom. When People have not a Mind to be obliging every Look and every Action will shew it.

it, and when they have, they seldom miss the proper Form.

*Miss See.* I have trembled at the Thought of visiting in your Ladyship's Family, though I looked upon the Privilege you had given me of doing it with the greatest Pride. I was so very sensible of the thousand Things in which a City Education must be deficient, that I dreaded attempting to mix myself among too genteel Persons: but if Rank and Politeness are every where accompanied with such Good-nature and Condescension as in this Company, I shall lose all my Fears, and encrease my Esteem for the great World, in a strange Manner.

*Book.* I am apt to believe, Madam, you will find true Politeness to a Person of a good Heart and obliging Disposition the easiest Thing to acquire in the World: But if it were difficult, you are now in a Family where the Examples and the Freedom of Information would

give you Opportunities of soon becoming a powerful Mistress of it. But, pray give me Leave to ask a Question in my Turn. This Lady mentions her having been bred in the City, as a Cause of her being not perfectly acquainted with the politest Deportment. I had always understood the Citizens to be the most elegant People in the World.

Lady *Fash*. There are some there, who think themselves so ; as many of you Gentlemen of the University think yourselves the most accomplished Men in the World ; but we have an Opportunity of seeing in you and in this Lady, I speak without a Compliment, that those who have most Title to believe so, are the farthest from supposing it.

Miss *Fash*. If profuse Tables and abundant Civility were the Height of Entertainment and Politeness, the City would be the natural Place to find it, and no longer the Court, or the Assemblies of People of Fashion : but there goes a  
great

great deal more to what is called a genteel Deportment, and a good Reception. Were this the whole Matter, Politeness might be learned of the Dancing-master, or bought at the Fishmonger's ; but as it is possible to have a great Library and no Learning, there may be Extravagance and Compliment without one Grain of true Politeness.

Miss See. I would not be understood neither, Sir, to reflect upon the whole City in what I said of my own Behaviour ; I have the Misfortune to live in one of the least polite Parts of it. Those who have Opportunities of going frequently to the Companies Entertainments and Lord-mayors Easter Balls, have a great Advantage.

Lady Fash. You tell us, my Dear, that you suppose this to be a great Means of Improvement, but that you have not been used to go to them ; it is for that Reason you suppose it : and believe me you would have added nothing to your natural Politeness

liteness by what you would have seen there. I think it happy you have missed them all. The Deportment of a Lady Mayoress may be very well in the Chair, but it is a Sort of Behaviour would have a very strange Appearance out of it. And as our People copy from the principal Persons of the Court that Ease which is allowed to be so graceful ; I am afraid the State of a Lady Mayoress communicates itself too far over the City. I would not be severe upon Persons for whom I have the greatest Respect ; but, my dear Miss *Seewell*, the early Education of these Persons does not suffer them to arrive at what is perfectly genteel : If the Rudiments are not laid in Infancy a perfect polite Behaviour is never to be acquired ; for it is as impossible to get the better of the Awkwardnesses of Infancy, as to acquire the Graces of a true Deportment later in Life ; but it is very well as it is. Why should any suppose the Families of Merchants and Persons  
in

in Trade to have all the Politeness of the Daughters of a Court; they are another Rank of Persons, and it is wrong in them to attempt resembling those, whose Birth and Education have been so different.

Miss *Fash*. I beg you would understand my Mamma in all this, Miss *See-  
well*, as not intending to reflect upon the City, for I know very well that her Ladyship has no such Thoughts. We have Reason to speak with Respect of the Mercantile Part of the World, and I am sure we shall preserve that Respect. I have always as much Satisfaction in a City Visit, as in any one of this End of the Town; and I am sure we need not go farther than the Company we had the Pleasure to meet at your House for a Proof, that greater Civility is not to be met with any where: but still I must so far agree with my Mamma, that the Civility you will see in Families, in this Part of the World, is of another Kind; it has more Graces; but I shall frankly

confess, that I believe as much as it gains in Elegance it loses in Sincerity.

*Lady Fash.* I don't blame you for interrupting me, but I had not come to the Point at which I was aiming. We are very free People in this Family, my dear Miss *Seewell*, and for the Sake of this Gentleman, who is not ashamed to own himself not perfectly acquainted with Politeness, and one or two others, we have been considering to the Bottom, what this fine Acquirement is. You say you are sensible the Deportment of the City is not quite what would command that Name, and you are right. Will you give us Leave to talk as freely of it, as we had of late been doing, and not think we mean as Severity what is only Information.

*Miss See.* With the greatest Satisfaction, Madam, and I beg to be admitted among the Number of your Pupils.

*Lady Fash.* Come then, you shall hear what I have intended by all I have been saying.

saying. I think the Women in the City are farther from that Sort of Deportment which is practised at a Court, and which has the general Character of Politeness than the Men : and as you are very young, and are in a great Measure yet to form yourself for the World, it is of the greatest Consequence to you to place every one in the proper Rank. I see that you are now endeavouring to form and fashion your Deportment, and the most natural Way of doing it is by observing that of others. All your future Manner will depend upon what you settle with yourself as proper just now; nothing can be so important as the Choice of your Examples. My dear Miss *Seewell*, a Countess is more easily imitated than the Lady of an Alderman, and this for the plainest Reason in the World, because her Conduct is more natural : She acts and speaks as she finds most easy to herself ; the other has studied what she does, and consequently not

being easy in her, it is not nor can be easy in the Imitation.

Miss *See*. I am convinced this is right. I perceive it as your Ladyship speaks. I am certain that I could much easier copy your Ladyship's Manner in what you are now doing, which perhaps is not the easiest Thing in the World, than that of a Lady of the City on the most familiar Occasion. And I can see at the same Time, that every Thing is Grace in the one, and every Thing unbecoming in the other.

Lady *Fash*. You are very obliging; but there is an Air and Manner People get by conversing much among the World, which is not to be obtained any other Way, and this is your Time to acquire it. All this makes for the Point I was endeavouring to establish. It will be more easy for you to imitate the Ease of a Person of Fashion, than the State of a Lady-mayorefs; and yet if you suffer yourself to entertain those  
great

great Opinions of *Easter* Balls, you will be more likely to select the latter as the Model for your Imitation.

Miss *See*. Whatever Danger I might have been in before, I am sure I shall not after this Conversation. I shall wish to take my Models from this Family.

Lady *Fash*. Indeed you will find much better; but if I knew any Thing particularly amiss amongst us I would guard you against it. We shall always be happy to see you, and you will sometimes meet with those here that will shew you what is perfect Breeding.

Book. I find every Part of this good Lesson as applicable to my Situation, as the Lady's to whom it is addressed. Your Ladyship then thinks Example the great Method of Improvement.

Lady *Fash*. Be pleased, good Cousin *Bookley*, not to be so hasty in your Step from particular to general Observations. There are Times when that is best which may at others be improper; and often

what is advised is best in the present Circumstances only, and is suited to that rather than the general Occasion. I do not suppose the copying from an Example the happiest Way of acquiring Politeness. The Advantage of being bred among the Polite from Infancy, is a much happier Way of obtaining it. In this Manner it comes upon the Person as it were naturally, and every thing concurring to inspire it, it becomes habitual, easy and universal. When this Opportunity has been wanting, there is a Time of Life when the Deficiency is made up, that, Sir, is with the Women at this young Lady's Age, and with the Men at your's. It is, therefore I have all along recommended it to you to study good Originals, and I have ventured to propose the same Thing to this Lady. What was not communicated in Infancy, may be acquired in this happy Time, the Mind being yet susceptible, and the Customs not rooted; but after this the

Means

Means would be the most absurd and faulty in the World. When the Mind is settled in its Prejudices there is an Obstinacy in their Favour, which excludes all Possibility of getting new Opinions ; all Mutation is then impossible ; and the Attempt is, instead of being crowned with Success, the Occasion of a greater Imperfection, and a thousand Improproprieties. All that awkward State and tiresome Complaisance of the City, which I have mentioned, Madam, not to ridicule, but only to caution you against, it is the Effect of that very Imitation which I am so earnestly proposing to you ; but it has been undertaken at an improper Time of Life. All these unpleasing Particulars in the Deportment of those Ladies, are of the imported Kind, they have been copied from what has seemed graceful in some Woman of Distinction ; nay, very probable from what was graceful in the Original, but they have been copied imperfectly, and grafted upon a Deportment

so very different, that the Mixture is unnatural, and therefore were there no other Reason, ungraceful. But the Mind at a later Period of Life having established its own Opinions, and they in such a Case being naturally very different from these new ones, the Example is but copied in Part; and even that Part is so blended with something very different or contradictory in Nature, that without being at all like the Thing it was intended to resemble, it destroys all that was before agreeable in the Person, and makes upon the whole a Mixture in which every thing is prevalent and nothing superior.

*Miss See.* I am very happy to have the Honour of being known to your Ladyship, and doubly happy that it is my good Fortune to be so at this Time. I shall profit for ever from this Lesson.

*Lady Fash.* My Dear, I am very free, but you see I mean all well. Were you ten Years older, I would advise you to  
com-

communicate as much Ease as you could to your Deportment, but to think of no Alteration in it farther. As it is, you are just at a time to improve yourself from every thing you see, and the only Concern is the chusing proper Models for your Imitation: You will easily see how unhappy it must have been to have continued your great Opinion of the City Politeness, because it would have led you to copy those who are but in themselves Copiers, and those so unlike the Originals, that they would scarce be known by them. You will find Imitation your great Business, and you will single out the Object of it from among the People of this End of the Town, not those of your own. I would only recommend it to you farther, to select these not from among those Ladies who make the most conspicuous Figure in Conversation, but from those who are easiest in it. The former will be more difficult to imitate, and you will often mistake Affectation in them for Grace: The latter you will most easily copy, and there

there is nothing about them that can mislead you. I would not have you aim to be eminently polite, for if that happens to any, Nature generally does more in it than Observation: It is enough to pass genteely through the common Occurrences of Life, and be called a very agreeable well-bred Woman. I would have you visit as much as possible the People of real Fashion, not those who affect it, for they will mislead you, one piece of Affectation naturally growing upon another. Frequent the Ridottos, but let it be to see rather than to be seen. And of all things in the World avoid making yourself conspicuous: People may pass very favourably in common Life, who are pulled to Pieces as soon as they get into the Way of making themselves remarkable; and to those who have not some peculiar Excellence in Figure and Deportment, it is better to be under than over the common Standard, as well in Dress as Deportment. I think I have now said every  
thing

thing that has occurred to me, from a long Observation. You will think me very free, but these young People have accustomed me to talk thus; I have only the old Apology, that I mean all friendly.

*Miss See.* And I can only say that nothing ever so much deserved that Character.

*Book.* I make no Question but *Miss Seewell* is quite sincere in what she has this Moment said: But useful as this Conversation is, I fancy it would be possible to start a Subject that she would attend to with at least equal Pleasure. Come, come, I see I am right; all the Words in the World after that eloquent Blush, would be too weak to deny, and after that not a Syllable is necessary to own it.

*Miss See.* I cannot imagine what that Gentleman means; can you guess, Madam?

*Miss*

Miss *Fash*. I believe I can, and you are not averse to talk about it: By that Question you are not. Our Friend Mr. *Loom* has never came into your Thoughts since you have been here ! come I won't let you look grave and tell me so. I would not take off from the Merit of your early Visit to us, by supposing the wishing to speak about a Lover had any Share in it: But however, you are not averse to hear him spoken of.

Miss *See*. You are pleased to banter, Madam, but I protest I do not know that Mr. *Loom* is any Lover of mine.

Lady *Fash*. Nay, I shall not allow you that, you know I told you of it.

Book. But the Lady may expect that before she allows him that Title, he should tell her of it himself. I think that is not unreasonable.

Miss *Fash*. If the Lover be in his own Interest, and Passion do not run away with Prudence, he will not be in too much Haste to do that.

Lady

Lady *Fash*. Indeed you are right: there's something of a respect shewn in a Passion, that looks on the Declaration as a thing of Consequence. It is the Offer of a Peasant that is made at Sight, and shews very little more than Whim and Fancy, Nothing of a settled Approbation. Beside, I should think that the Caution with which this was done was always a Mark of the Stress the Person laid upon it. If a Love-Fit were only a Flight of Fancy, 'twere no great Matter what were the Answer to the Declaration of it: But if a Man fixes the Satisfaction of Life upon the succeeding in his Attempt, he will be under some Concern about the Manner in which his Proposal is received, for on that often depends the Fate of the Design.

Miss *Fash*. I know if the Case were my own, I should hold the Lover in no great Esteem, who declared himself such the Moment he saw me. I would be esteemed and not liked by the Man with  
whom

whom I was to pass my Life : And I should wish to know something of him as an Acquaintance, before I considered him as a Lover.

*Book.* Every thing her Ladyship and you have said, Madam, carries with it Conviction. My rash Observation might better have become the Mouth of Mr. *Forward*, or the Captain. I subscribe my Approbation to Mr. *Loom's* cautious Behaviour ; and whenever it shall be my Fate to be in his Situation, will act as he has acted.

*Miss See.* Upon my Word, Sir, I know nothing about, Mr. *Loom*, he never spoke to me in all his Life.

*Lady Fash.* 'Tis that for which we are praising him. He has spoke of you what would have been more eloquent than all the Compliment in the World, delivered to you ; and I should act very ill between you if I did not let you know it.

*Miss Fash.* Indeed, my Dear, I have never heard any Man express himself with

so much Tenderness. He has sighed for you long, and you are no Stranger to it: I could read as much Confession in your Eyes as Joy and Fear in his, when you passed one another at *Ranelagh*: and I wish I could do Justice to his Passion and his Prudence in what he spoke upon the Subject. His Heart was very full, and he was upon the Point of taking the rashest Step in the World, but we prevented him: If he had not happened to have been with us that Evening, and to have spoke his Thoughts very freely, you would have had a Letter from him the next Morning, to disclose the Secret which he found it impossible to keep any longer.

*Miss Ser.* I am very glad he did not, for what could I have said to it?

*Lady Fasb.* Nothing: 'Twas this we told him; and you see, Mr. *Bookley*, we told him right.

*Book.* O Madam! I did not want any thing by way of Proof that your Ladyship

Ladyship judged from Reason; and Experience will always countenance that Monitor.

Lady *Fass*. I will be very free with you, my Dear Miss *Seewell*, upon this Occasion. I have a Kindness for Mr. *Loom's* Family ; and I think him a very worthy young Man : It was on his Account that I have found Means to make Acquaintance, which I am sure will be very agreeable to me : Nay, don't make me any Compliment now. He told me he had admired you a great while, and he told me your Fortunes were not unequal : I saw he was about to take a Step that must injure him with a Person of your Condition, and I prevented it. I told him I would endeavour to be acquainted with you, and know your Sentiments. If I did not think very well of your good Understanding as well as your Good nature, I would not speak thus ; but I have told you the whole Matter freely, and I should be glad to know your Thoughts

on

on it, which shall be secret, or told to him just as you please.

*Miss See.* O Madam, how shall a poor ignorant Girl thank you : The best Return I can make for such a Kindness, is to speak all the Truth. I have a long Time known that Mr. *Loom* thought favourably of me ; and I have supposed he would find some Way to speak to me, but I did not imagine he would have found one so favourable. All I can speak farther is, that being a Stranger to the Gentleman, I can have no settled Opinion about him ; but, although I would not have him know so much, I think so favourably of him, that I have declined one other Offer, wishing to know the Nature of his, and to see him.

*Book.* O happy happy People ! Your Affairs go on prosperously ! I think, *Miss Seewell*, that if ever a Marriage promised to be happier than all others, it is your's.

*Miss*

*Miss See.* Dear Sir, you speak of things I am quite unacquainted with : I have not yet spoken with Mr. *Loom*, and you talk of Marriage.

*Book.* Well, that will be the Consequence, he loves you and you approve him ; what could be wished more fortunate or favourable.

*Miss Fash.* Will you give us Leave to send Mr. *Loom* a Card, my Dear, to invite him some Afternoon when you are here.

*Miss See.* Not to-day, if you please, Madam.

*Miss Fash.* We never thought of it ; nor shall he hear any thing of your Sentiments on this Occasion, more than that you will give him Leave to see you.

*Lady Fash.* I don't know how I have drawn myself into this Matter : The Business of a Match-maker is generally a very disagreeable one ; but I have other Thoughts of this : I think I do not know two People so alike in their Dispositions,  
and

and that is the great Point on which all depends.

*Miss See.* It is seeing very far to fancy that will be the End of this Acquaintance; but however it concludes, I shall always remember how infinitely I have been obliged to your Ladyship for your kind Intentions in it; and shall look upon it as an additional Circumstance in Mr. *Loom's* Favour, that it has been owing to him, that I had the Honour to be known in this Family.

*Serv.* Sir *William Civil*, my Lady.

*Lady Fash.* Sir *William*, you shall judge among us; we are talking over the Affairs of a female Acquaintance: There is an Address not yet begun, and yet we pretend to see the End of it.

*Sir Will.* That is going very far, Madam; I have always supposed it difficult to guess at the Event of an Acquaintance of that Kind is the most advanced Stage; but your Ladyship has Penetration to see much farther than I pretend.

L

Lady

*Lady Fash.* Oh ! don't be grave about it, you shall hear the Circumstances ; and after that pronounce, for you being so good a Judge, and quite impartial, she will found some Expectations on your Opinion.

*Sir Will.* Can this be meant to insult me ? I beg your Ladyship to go on.

*Lady Fash.* Why then thus stands the Case ; here's a young Lady who has seen that a Man was in Love with her for some time, and has almost wished him to speak ; and here's a young Gentleman that is twenty-times as much in Love with her as she thinks, and who has had more Mind to speak than she has had to hear him ; their Friends have told them their mutual Sentiments, and they are pleased on both Sides, they are now to speak to one another ; will it or will it not be a Match ?

*Sir Will.* It is : I am the Sport of this favoured Admirer. I hope I shall not hear them.

Lady

*Lady Fash.* What did you say, Sir *William*, I did not hear you; what is your Determination?

*Sir Will.* What have I done to deserve this? It is too much to be borne.

*Lady Fash.* You talk to yourself. What's your Opinion? I know none can decide better.

*Sir Will.* I could not have believed this of *Lady Fashion*; but let me be certain. I beg your Pardon, Madam, I was weighing the Circumstances, and you will not wonder that I feel something on such an Occasion. Pray let me ask you one Question: Had the Lady any other Lover?

*Lady Fash.* None that she received as such, there were those who wished to be upon that Footing.

*Sir Will.* I am convinced: — The Lady's Character I will not ask, Madam, but pray what is the Gentleman, for to his Qualifications a great Deal will be owing. Is he a Beau?

*Lady Fash.* The farthest from it of all People in the World; a plain, decent, sensible, good young Fellow, with no one Article of Town-Breeding about him.

*Sir Will.* Plainer than plain. And has the Courtship been long?

*Lady Fash.* Poh! Who would have thought of so many Questions; I tell you they have not yet said a Word together about it.

*Sir Will.* I confound myself, but I bear an intended Insult too tamely.

*Lady Fash.* Come, your Opinion; will it be a Match? You know all the Circumstances.

*Sir Will.* I very much doubt it: But every Hour will give new Room for guessing. But why does your Ladyship ask me alone? This Gentleman, I dare say, can guess a great deal better: What is your Opinion of it, Mr. Bookley?

*Book.* Sir, I believe it will.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Short and certain: But it is not well to treat me with this Contempt.

Lady *Fash.* Don't mind him, my Dear, he has been disappointed himself, and is out of Humour with every thing that looks like Love in any body else, and promises to be successful.

Miss *Fash.* I wondered your Ladyship mentioned it to him. I was not surprized that it made him uneasy. What is become of him?

Miss *See.* He's there before you, Madam, in the Garden; Mr. *Bookley* and he are walking together.

Miss *Fash.* Its warm; shall we go up and join them: This is just the Time when the Air is most agreeable.

Lady *Fash.* What you please. Miss *Seewell*, will it be agreeable to you to walk?

Miss *See.* With a great deal of Pleasure, Madam. I think it is very hot within Doors.

*Sir Will.* The Women follow us; shall we turn into this Walk: There is something of Consequence concerning which I want to speak with you.

*Book.* There's a Gate at the Back of that Walk that opens into the Street, shall we step out there and speak together in some Tavern.

*Sir Will.* Sir, you answer as becomes a Gentleman. I'll follow you.



THE



THE  
BOOK OF CONVERSATION.

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PART V.

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CONVERSATION V.

At a Tavern.

The Company only *Sir William Civil*  
and *Mr. Bookley*.

*Sir Will.* **W**E are Strangers, Sir, to  
one another, but I be-  
lieve we understand what has brought us  
together.

L 4

*Book.*

*Book.* I have not the least Guess at it: You will be pleased, Sir, to explain it to me.

*Sir Will.* You are the Lover of Miss *Fashion*.

*Book.* You tell me, Sir, what I have never presumed to tell her; hardly my self.

*Sir Will.* Sir, I expect no Equivocations; your Behaviour hitherto has made me suppose you would not use any.

*Book.* I am as much above them, as you should be above the Suspicion.

*Sir Will.* Well spoken again. I know not how to talk with you: But before I tell you for what I have brought you hither, if you really do not know it, let me be certain of the Offence: I beg you will speak candidly and freely.

*Book.* I don't know you have any right to an Explanation from me of any thing. You have always spoke to me with a Reserve

serve that almost wanted of Civility. I think you are now rude.

Sir *Will.* I don't intend to be so : But a Man in my Situation ought to have great Allowances.

*Book.* Sir, I have no Resentment, nor am exceptionous : What would you have me say ?

Sir *Will.* You know I love Miss *Fashion*.

*Book.* I do.

Sir *Will.* How did you come to know it ?

*Book.* Herself told me so, and spoke of you most honourably.

Sir *Will.* How came Miss *Fashion* to tell you I was her Lover.

*Book.* I think I asked her. I had heard it spoken of, and when you came first in I supposed you to be the Person.

Sir. *Will.* What was the Subject of your Conversation when I came-up just now ?

*Book.* I do not know that I am at Liberty to tell you.

*Sir Will.* Sir, I must know.

*Book.* That is not the Way to know from me, *Sir William.*

*Sir Will.* Sir, I was applied to, and I have a Right to know what it was.

*Book.* I had forgot, it was on the Courtship of young *Loom* to that Miss *Seewell* who was with us.

*Sir Will.* I am tortur'd. I distract myself. Was not my Name mentioned in that Conversation. Upon your Honour, Sir, the Truth?

*Book.* Never till you came up: But why this catechising? If there be any thing you have to say to me speak freely: You shall be answered as yourself would answer.

*Sir Will.* At once then, you have never injured or insulted me.

*Book.* Never in Thought.

*Sir Will.* I did suppose you had: I beg your Pardon for the false Suspicion; but  
still

still I am afraid we are no nearer Friends.  
You love Miss *Fashion*?

*Book.* Aye, and will vindicate that  
Love against the World.

*Sir Will.* You are hasty. Let me understand you farther. She approves of your Addresses?

*Book.* I have made none. My Passion is where it was, born in my own Heart, and never has till this Confession of it gone farther.

*Sir Will.* You think she does not know of it?

*Book.* I am assured she does: But such is her Reserve and prudent Modesty, she will not hear of it, till she has known me longer.

*Sir Will.* You think she does not disapprove it.

*Book.* There is strange Vanity in the Supposition, and yet I think she does not.

*Sir Will.* Her Father countenances you.

*Book.* I never named to him.

*Sir Will.* Her Mother.

*Book.* I'll tell you, Sir, yourself are the only Person to whom I ever named it.

*Sir Will.* What shall I say to you. I have no right to quarrel with you, and yet I must hate you : Or if not hate you I must wish your Death. 'Tis you who have supplanted me.

*Book.* Far from any foul Play in the Attempt, I have not yet declared myself; and when I have spoken of you it has been as I now think of you, as one of the worthiest of Mankind. But still I must remember you as a Rival.

*Sir Will.* You have said it all. Rivals, not Enemies. We cannot both be happy in this Lady, and if you think as I do it, is not worth while to live without her.

*Book.* I am perfectly of that Opinion.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Then Sir, you will not refuse me the Satisfaction of a Gentleman for the greatest of all Injuries, though done without Intent : Or to suit the Expression more to the real Occasion, you will leave the Happiness of succeeding with that Lady to the Decision of a friendly though a fatal Combat. It is not that we have either injured the other, but we are so unhappily circumstanced that we cannot both live.

*Book.* I did not at first perceive, Sir, whither all this was leading. . But I can scarce blame you now I see the End you have had in View. I would not be mistaken. I am not the less resolute because I am cool. I do not wonder at your wishing to put a Person out of your Way who prevents your Success; but I would have you ask yourself, whether you will be the nearer when that is done. If I may judge, the Lady who is cool to you at this Time on Account of another, will not change her Sentiments in your  
Fa-

Favour, when you have been the Murderer of that other.

Sir *Will.* I see no farther than the present Obstacle. You afford me that; when that is removed it will be Time to look upon the others. Possibly I may see the End of my Hopes by your Success against me; but be that as it will, neither my Love nor my Honour can suffer me to look upon the Fortune of a Person who has supplanted me with Indifference.

*Book.* Though I tell you Sir, *William*, this is a Thing I wish to avoid, I am perhaps less fearful than most People. It appears to me that no Purpose can be answered by it. Any Success that you will have cannot be a Step towards your gaining the Lady; rather it will make her more averse: For my own Part, I have no Advantage to come any Way, I think I have so much of her Esteem, that I need fear no Rival; and you must give me Leave to add, that the very  
Reason

Reason which makes your Life, Sir, of less Value to you, increases the Price I ought to set on mine. I do not wonder that he who is refused by Miss *Fashion*, should hold Life very cheap; but it is of a different Estimation with him who hopes to be received by her.

Sir *Will*. I am tired of arguing, Mr. *Bookley*, and I know not what to make of you. The Man who has robbed me of that Lady shall not go unpunished, that is the Point, and on that I am immovable. Will you do me the Justice I expect of you? I cannot guess by your Behaviour, which is different from every Thing I have seen in the World: At the same Time cool and resolute! open and evasive! I tell you my Complaint, and I demand Satisfaction.

*Book*. Sir, my Education has placed me so much out of the World, and I have had so few Opportunities of hearing how others who are said to behave well act on these Occasions, that I do  
not

not wonder I differ from them. But of this you may be assured, here is nothing you can demand of me in Honour which I shall refuse. And if I find it necessary to take up one of those Pistols, which I see you have in your Bosom, I shall do it with as little Discomposure as I speak of it. To set the Hazard or the Value of my own Life at nothing; I have no Enmity to you, nor can wish to kill you. I am no Murtherer, Sir *William*.

Sir *Will*. I shall make that easy to you; there lie the Pistols, and you must take one in your own Defence. I am as unwilling to make myself a Murtherer as you; but you may be assured it was determined when we came into this Room, that both of us should not go out of it. We have trifled too much, my Hand will be upon one of them in a Moment, but I would give you your Choice; take it while they are before you.

*Back.*

*Book.* As great an Enemy as I have been to these Decisions, I have always said that there were Causes which might justify them. This is one of those Causes, and I at length acknowledge it. Sir, I have made my Choice between what I am sure was equal. I have one of your Pistols; make your own Use of the other.

*Sir Will.* I am ready, come on, why don't you fire?

*Book.* I expect yours.

*Sir Will.* You mistake, I shall make sure of you, advance as you will, I shall not be tempted to break my Resolution.

*Book.* Now. — I am afraid we have been both too sure. You are hurt and I am killed. I feel it. Take Care of yourself if your own Hurt will let you.

*Sir Will.* Unhappy Man! I hope you judge too hastily; how is it? speak.

*Book.* Away, away, I think I shall not live a Moment.

Sir

*Sir Will.* O cursed Custom! to what Purpose will this answer? Fool, and Madman, to compel him to it. Once more, how is it, Sir.

*Book.* Indeed! I do not know; but let me have the Satisfaction to know if you are hurt; I would not to the Crime of taking so little Care of my own Life, have it added to the Account I must be called to give, that I have also taken yours.

*Sir Will.* I am hurt but not dangerously. Have Courage, you speak better than at first, I'll send a Surgeon to you. Farewell, you have acted like a Man of Sense and Honour; I, like a Madman. Farewel, farewell. Care shall be instantly taken of you.

*Book.* I have a Request to you, and you must not deny me. Take Care that the Lady know this was not of my seeking. I fear Death less than I do her thinking, I could be so rash and wicked as to have incurred it by my Choice.

Sir

*Sir Will.* She shall know it truly.  
Farewell.

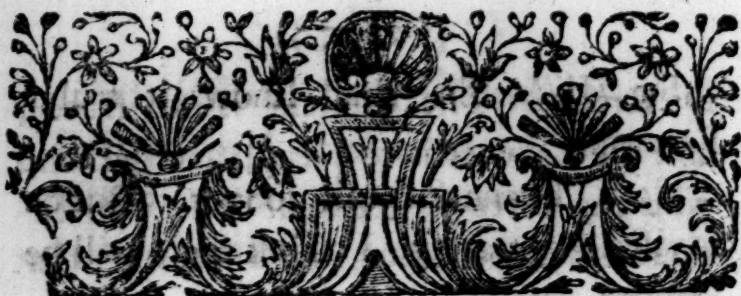
*Book.* I cannot speak longer. But be  
advised ; get away, I think there will be  
Danger.

*Sir Will.* Dear Youth, I am gone:  
Heaven restore you.

*Book.* One Word more. Send in  
some Person that I may say while I can  
speak, you have done nothing in this  
Matter unfairly.

*Sir Will.* I cannot answer you. I  
will do all you say and more. Farewel.

THE



THE  
BOOK OF CONVERSATION.

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PART VI.

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CONVERSATION VI.

At Lady *Fashion's*.

The Company ; Lady *Air*, &c.

Lady *Air*. SO I am a Convenience to  
them both to try their  
Arts upon. The gallant Gentlemen do  
not suppose a Woman to be a Thing to  
quarrel for, but call themselves the friend-  
ly

ly Rivals. The Captain is to flatter, and the Lawyer is to plead, and he who wins me takes me ; I shall be so won undoubtedly, but to be sure I intended that from the Beginning.

Miss *Fash*. I will not pretend to wonder you are angry ; but you must look upon it, Madam, as the Fault of their Tempers rather than of their Hearts.

Lady *Air*. There wanted but one Step farther, I wonder they did not take it. They should have agreed to share me between them ; and as the Country Fellows do when they find a Sixpence, while one picks it up the other cries halves. That would have been the friendly Method.

Lady *Fash*. Miss *Seewell*, you are entering yourself into the World of Love ; what should you say to two such friendly Gentlemen who should pretend to you ? Is it not an unhappy Situation.

Miss *See*. I cannot judge of it, Madam, for I never should permit  
more

more than one Person to speak to me on such a Subject at a Time.

*Lady Air.* O my dear, but they will whether I let them or not. If they would take my Advice, or obey my Commands about it, they would neither of 'em speak to me, I have told them both so many Times. O here they come, Friends like, Arm in Arm together, but I'll see if I cannot break that League. The favouring one, will make them quarrel if they have any Spirit between them.

*Miss Fash.* You would not wish that, sure, my dear *Lady Air*. O good Heaven, take Care that you are not the Cause of any such Misfortune.

*Lady Fash.* Don't be in Care my dear, no Harm will happen.

*Ever.* Dear *Lady Air*, you see two of the most miserable Fellows in the World, we have sought after you at Home, at *Ranelagh*, at *Lady Bloom's*, at — in short at every Place in the World, but this these two Days : But  
'tis

'tis repaid at large now we have the Happiness to see you.

Lady *Air*. I had rather your Companion told me this, because there is some Sincerity in him. As to you, Captain, we know you are a Dissembler by Profession; you own it yourself, and who do you suppose will believe you afterwards. I applaud the Man who is above Dissimulation, and think all the Freedom of that Monster is better than your Insincerity; why don't you speak, Brute?

*For*. I protest to you I have been so little used to your Ladyship's Civility, and to these pretty Names, that I don't know what to say for myself.

Lady *Air*. O you deserve them all; and yet I profess to you, that Gentleman's Flattery has reconciled me strongly to you. If I must fall into the Paws of one Brute or other, I had rather it were into those of the Bear that told me he would eat me up, for I think that is one  
of

of the pretty Phrases I have heard from you, Mr. *Forward*, than into the Mouth of the fawning Spaniel, that while he cringed about me, only sought an Opportunity to worry me. I know something like that is what you both mean, but it has always been my Principle to esteem the open Enemy.

*For.* I forswear the Compliment. I won't be supposed your Enemy at all; for in all the World there is not a Man who loves you and adores you as I do.

*Lady Air.* Fie, Mr. *Forward*, you grow serious; besides, I fear though I talk so freely; you know very well that the Hug of a Beast of your Kind is fatal.

*Ever.* He deserves nothing, Madam, from the very Form into which he puts his Expressions of Respect. He loves you better than any Man in the World does. I beg to be excused for that; he has taught me the Boldness to declare my-

myself, and I do tell you, Angel, that he and I, and all the Men that ever lov'd together, never felt half, never the thousandth Part of that eager Passion, with which you at this Moment inspire me.

Lady *Air*. This is a very pretty Way you Fellows have got of saying just what you please between Jest and Earnest; but I tell you in the same Spirit that you breathe forth all this Love, that I absolutely hate you and despise you.

*Ever*. That is, you tell me so between Jest and Earnest.

Lady *Air*. Mr. *Forward*, why will you suffer him to be so troublesome to a Person you say you respect. Seriously, I never met with any thing so disagreeable to me as Captain *Everwhere's* Courtship. I beg you'll tell him so.

Lady *Fash*. Come, come, Lady *Air*, this is carrying it a great deal too far; hearken to me both of you. It is my

M

sincere

sincere Opinion she regards one of you just as much as she does the other ; but how much that may be I do not pretend to judge with one of her flighty Disposition. She was telling us before you came in, that she would set you a quarrelling ; and on my Conscience I think she was in earnest. I have told you frankly how you stand with her, and the Deuce is in you if you dispute about it. Upon my Credit, Lady *Air*, you jest with so serious a Countenance, that I should not have wondered if you had made real Mischief. I protest I wonder at you.

Lady *Air*. And why wonder at me, dear Lady *Fashion*? Do not they both of them act in the same Manner? Can any thing be graver than their Countenances when they talk Love to me? And why have not I the same Liberty with my Resentment, that they take with their Passion.

For.

*For.* The Devil in Hell take me, my Lady *Air*, if ever I jested in any Thing I said to you in all my Life. I tell you I admire you and love you above all Things in the World. And when I tell you so, I mean every Word of it, and sometimes more.

Lady *Air*. Well, you are an honest Fellow, that's the Truth of it: but he tells me just the same, does he not? who never meant any thing of the Matter.

*Eves.* I beg your Ladyship to believe that I never yet spoke to you any thing that was not my sincerest Sentiments. I have not quite so much Presumption.

Lady *Air*. Why then you are a very unhappy Fellow, for you can never be believed. Recollect your own Confession and you will know you cannot. Come, let us for once put it upon a fair Issue, for in good Truth I want to be rid of you; Mr. *Forward*, do you be Judge;

he says Diffimulation is the Way to gain a Woman, and that he would call her all the Angels and Divinities between Earth and Heaven, although he thought her as ugly as *Hecate*. Now he has a Mind to gain me, he gives me all these Sugar Words ; and may he not all the while think me a Fiend or a Fury.

*Ever*. Don't ask Mr. *Forward* that, dear Madam, but go up to the Glass and be answered,

Lady *Air*. I tell you I will ask him, he has more Sincerity than any Glass and I'll sooner believe him.

*Ever*. Why then I leave it to him, and see what his Sincerity will do for you.

Lady *Air*. May he not think me ugly all the while he flatters me.

*Ever*. Look on her Face and answer.

*For*. He might, Madam, if it were any body else he spoke to, but he must confess you deserve it all.

*Ever*.

*Ever.* Now, Madam, upon my Rival's Sentence, I found the Pretensions of my own Sincerity.

*Lady Air.* Well, why then I'll acknowledge them, and since he can't rid me of you, why see if you can rid me of him, for it is impossible I should have both of you.

*Miss Fash.* Your Ladyship shews you have a great Title to Sincerity: but you see Captain 'tis as my Mamma told you at first, she wants one of you to be rid of the other, and then she'll find somebody else to rid her of him that is left. I protest I am amazed at your Ladyship.

*Lady Air.* Why, dear Child, would it not strongly flatter your Vanity to have a Couple of Fellows quarrel for you. Nothing on the Earth gives a Woman such a Reputation.

*Ever.* By Heaven, I begin to think she is in earnest. Would I could guess what he would say to it.

*Miss Fash.* I know you only jest. But dear Lady *Air*, who would speak so lightly on a Thing of such Importance. You talk as if you meant it.

*Lady Air.* Why seriously, my dear demure *Miss Fashion*, I would not chuse to make a Quarrel between a Couple of of Fellows; but if they would do it of their own Accord, why I cannot think that even your Reserve would not be pleased with it.

*Miss Fash.* Heaven and Earth, Lady *Air*, how can you speak so? I think I should shut myself up from the World if so sad an Accident should happen upon my Account.

*Lady Air.* Pretty *Manimie*! I would not be the Cause of one Man's Death, to reign sole Empress of the World! Is it not so? When did you read the *Orphan*?

*Miss Fash.* Good Heaven! Why will you talk thus. My Heart, I don't know

know what's the Matter, sickens within me as you speak. I am not well.

*Lady Air.* O pretty Affectation. You will tell me of this hereafter.

*Miss Fash.* I beg you not to speak to me. Indeed, I am strangely ill. Do, let me alone.

*Serv.* A Letter, Madam.

*Miss Fash.* Is it to me do you say?

*Serv.* Yes, Madam; the Person who brought it ordered me to deliver it into your own Hands immediately.

*Miss Fash.* Who was it that brought it?

*Serv.* A Gentleman.

*Miss Fash.* Give it to my Mamma, I shall not open it.

*Lady Fash.* O none of your forced Reserve. This is not necessary between you and me, open it, and if you think proper give it me when you have read it.

*Miss Fash.* O good God!

*For.* What is the Matter, Madam? Miss *Fashion* went out of the Room in strange Disorder; I am sure that Letter contains something of Consequence.

*Serv.* Would your Ladyship please to come to my young Lady, Madam. She is very ill.

Lady *Air.* What is the Matter, young Man?

*Serv.* My young Lady has fainted away, please your Ladyship.

Lady *Air.* She had a Letter in her Hand, had she not? Was she reading that when she fainted?

*Serv.* I can't tell, Madam. They only called me up to bring my Lady. There is a Letter open upon the Ground.

*Ever.* I am extremely concerned; Miss *Fashion* is a most agreeable young Lady.

Lady *Air.* O, Sir, I thought your Politeness would let you be pleased with no  
Lady

Lady but me. But it's no Matter,  
You will find a Love Affair at the  
Bottom of this, in spite of all her Dis-  
tance. O your grave People are the  
fondest in the World when they are once  
taken.

Lady *Falb.* My dear Lady *Air*, par-  
don the Confusion in my Family ;  
there's the Letter. You will see what  
has happened ; sure our Discourse was  
ominous. Pardon me a Moment more,  
the poor Girl is dying. I'll wait on you  
again. O Heaven.

*For.* In the Name of Wonder what is  
all this. Pray, Madam, look into the  
Letter.

Lady *Air.* O that I see already will  
explain it. The Name is *William*  
*Civil.*

*For.* Well, but what should be the  
Occasion of all this Confusion ; pray,  
my Lady, read it.

Lady *Air.* Nay, it's short enough.  
I am commanded to inform you, Ma-

" dam, that I have forfeited all Title to  
 " your Esteem for ever. But had I not  
 " the Injunctions of a dying Person to  
 " compel me to this I should be bound to  
 " it by Honour. Mr. *Bookley*, who I  
 " am afraid has your Esteem, and who  
 " indeed deserves it, is hurt dangerously.  
 " The Dispute was of my making, and  
 " he has acted as a Man of Honour."

*Ever.* Who would have thought this.  
*Bookley!* But there is no guessing who  
 has Spirit till one comes to the Trial.  
 I am truly sorry; a civil, sensible, good-  
 natured Man.

*Lady Air.* Why should you suppose  
 he wanted it? You don't think Courage  
 lies in the Colour of a Coat, or in the  
 Title of a Commission? I pity the poor  
 Fellow heartily.

*For.* And I honour him. What can  
 be more glorious than to fall in a Dispute  
 for a Woman of Worth and Virtue, and  
 to hear one's Antagonist speak well of  
 one.

Lady

*Lady Air.* I have been talking wildly, but if you'll hear me speak seriously, I think it is much better to lose the best Woman in the World, than to gain her by succeeding in such a Dispute; much more if it ends as this has done.

*For.* Poor young Fellow he could have no Chance; Sir *William Civil*, who is a Master of the Sword; and he who ten to one never had a Foil in his Hand.

*Lady Air.* Good God! but do Men take these Advantages?

*Capt.* Not such Men as Sir *William Civil*, Madam: You may depend upon it they had Pistols. But you will hear the Story.

*Lady Fash.* Dear Lady *Air*, Captain *Everywhere*, Mr. *Forward*, do pardon me; you see the Distress and Confusion I am in. My Daughter is not recovered; will you excuse my Incivility.

*Lady Air.* I am truly sorry for the  
Occasion: Dear *Lady Fashion*, good  
Night.

*Ever.* I shall do myself the Honour to  
send early to know how *Miss Fashion*  
does.



THE



THE  
Book of CONVERSATION.

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PART VII.

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CONVERSATION VII.

The Company, Sir *Samuel Fashion*, &c.

*Rustick.* **L**ORD, I am so sorry to hear  
of this Misfortune. Dear  
Sir *Samuel*, how could it come about ; the  
young Man was as civil a young Man as  
ever I heard speak in my Life ; and for  
my

my Part, I thought the other Gentleman was as good-humoured as he. How could they come to quarrel?

*Sir Sam.* Mr. *Rustick*, you do no more than Justice to either of them: They had a Dispute, and this is the Way Gentlemen take to decide their Differences. I own 'tis bad enough in Conscience; but Custom, which can do all things, has established it.

*Rust.* A Dispute! well, if they had a Dispute could they not decide it by a fair Match at Boxing? I love to see a good Set too with all my Heart between a couple of Men who know something of the Matter, and are in earnest; but these Pistols, a Man has no Play for his Money; a Boy of ten Years of Age may get the better of *Broughton* at this Trade.

*Ever.* 'Tis fit it should be so, Mr. *Rustick*? Gentlemen don't come to Blows in their Quarrels, and when one has injured

jured another it is proper they should be upon an Equality.

*Rust.* Why if one's too strong for the other, let him tye up a Hand and make him his Match.

*Ever.* This may do in the Country, Mr. *Rustick*, but People do not do it here. But, Sir *Samuel*, how does the young Fellow do this Morning?

Sir *Sam.* He is better : But his Surgeon seems very uneasy about him.

*Rust.* That's a good Sign ; I have always found those Fellows make the most Cry where there was least Wool ; the more the Danger the more the Money, that's all they mind. But the Captain here says our Boxing-Way may do well enough in the Country : I desire to know why it may'nt do as well in *London* as any where else, if you'll make it a Fashion ? For my Part, I should think an Eye or a Couple of 'Teeth was as much as a Man could expect for any Affront whatsoever ; and I'm sure a Man had bet-

better stand the Chance of that than set himself up like a Shrove-tide Cock to be shot at. I don't understand for my Part, any good as can come of t'other when its done.

Sir Sam. Notwithstanding you are in the Army, Capt. *Everywhere*, I must have Leave to join in some Measure in Mr. *Rustick's* Opinion; he has said all the Matter in a few plain Words; no good can come of it, and all that is necessary to banish it out of the World, is to make something else the Fashion.

*Ever*. I am no Friend to it, I assure you, Sir *Samuel*; and tho' it is esteemed a Point of Honour among the Gentlemen in the Service, I always think it a Reproach: Their Country has a Right to the Advantage of their Courage, and it is a double Injustice when they turn it against one another. The Field against an Enemy is the proper Scene for the Resolution of a Soldier, and I am sorry to confess it, but by what I have seen, those  
who

who were the most quarrellsome among one another, have behaved with the least Courage there.

*For.* I cannot say I wonder at that, for I never have looked upon Duelling as a Mark of Courage. In general, People fight when they are drunk, and therefore don't know what they are doing. As for those who leave it to the next Morning, he that calls the other out has an Opinion of his own Skill, and supposes he has a Superiority which a Man of Honour ought not to allow himself.

*Ever.* I wish I could contradict that from any thing I have seen; but I must confess what I have happened to know of this Kind has rather tended to strengthen the Opinion; and it is very unlucky, that in Decisions which are put entirely upon the Foot of Honour, the first Step should break in upon the Terms; for certainly to take any Advantage whatsoever is dishonourable.

Sir

*Sir Sam.* You see the best People who engage in these things judge so. *Sir William* must have had all the Advantage imaginable over my Cousin *Bookley* at the Sword, and he used only Pistols.

*Rust.* You may think there is a great deal in these Distinctions ; but were I in *Mr. Bookley's* Case, I should not think there was much in the Matter if I was to be killed, whether it were by a Sword or a Brace of Bullets.

*Ever.* O, *Mr. Rustick*, but you mistake yourself ; here *Mr. Bookley* had a fair Chance ; the other Way he had not.

*Rust.* Aye, why that's true too ; well there is something in that to be sure ; and yet it is but poor Comfort for a dying Man make the best of it.

*Ever.* But there is another thing, *Sir Samuel*, which in my Opinion has greatly contributed to the Frequency of Duelling of late, which is, that People go out without any Design to hurt one another. Men that are the best Friends in the World  
in

in their Hearts, querrel about some idle Word spoke when they are drunk, and their Honour requires they must fight about it: They draw their Swords in perfect Friendship, and a Prick in the Hand or disarming is all they aim at. If a Man when he is called out upon such an Occasion would declare himself in earnest, and make it a serious Affair, he would never be called upon by one for a Trifle again: And if the Disputes about nothing were no longer decided in this Way, the others are so few that the Custom would be forgotten.

*Sir Sam.* It is an Infatuation; and of all others, I think the greatest and the most fatal: You say right as to the Quarrels about Trifles; and I have heard Men of Reason say there are Causes that may justify it: I should be glad to hear of one that could make it the Act of a reasonable Creature to do it.

*For,*

*For.* O certainly, Sir *Samuel*, there are some such, tho' they are not common.

*Sir Sam.* Name me one of them, Cousin *Forward*. Come you are silent, and you cannot: and I tell you another thing, which is, when this happens, People do not fight about them. I am apt to think that the Cause of this unhappy Affair in my own Family might be called one of those which would justify a Duel: But yet consider it in the Eye of Reason; and it is Madness to bring it to that Decision. Here is a Man of Honour addresses a young Person of Worth and Virtue, for so much you must let me say for my own Child; he is countenanced by her nearest Relations, but another robs him of her Affection: Can there be greater Cause of a Dispute; or does it not appear in some Degree natural to aim at the Life of the Person who is the Occasion of his Misfortune.

*Ever.*

*Ever.* I think a more justifiable Cause could not be found. I pity both the Gentlemen extremely, but I blame neither of them.

*Sir Sam.* Well then, let us examine the Justice or the Propriety if you please, of Duelling, for it never can be just, by this Instance. You say *Sir William* had a Right to call out *Mr. Bookley*; but what Purpose could it answer? It was not worth his while to hazard his Life for a Woman who refused his Addressees; and his succeeding in the Combat could be of no use to him. Had *Mr. Bookley* had the Advantage, and *Sir William* had survived, he could never have spoke to my Daughter again in Honour: As it is he has taken off a Rival, if *Mr. Bookley* dies; and it being known that he gave the Challenge, he must fly the Sentence of the Law, altho' he did all fairly: and can never see his Country again; but put it upon the best Footing possible, suppose *Mr. Bookley* recovers, and acknowledges that

that in all things he acted as a Man of Honour, still my Daughter hates him for the Attempt upon the Life of a Person who was dear to her: And if the Rival should think so nicely on the Laws of Duelling as not to continue his Application to the Lady, she is still the more irrecoverable to the Person who was the Cause of this.

*Rust.* A very fine Account truly, for a Man that fights for his Mistress I find, has a Chance to be killed or be hanged, or be a Fugitive for Life, and he has no Chance at all to get any good by what he has been doing. A very pretty Reckoning; the Ballance is all on one Side.

*Sir Sam.* Cousin *Rustick*, you see it in no other than the exact and true Light; and yet Duelling is a Fashion, and Men of Sense as well as Honour you see fall into it.

*Ever.* This Instance, Mr. *Rustick*, may make it appear sufficiently wrong to you;

you ; but there are a thousand other Occasions in which there is still less Excuse for it.

*Rast.* I beg to be excused for that, Sir, I think nothing can be well worse than this.

*Ever.* Indeed this is one of the most favourable Circumstances. You heard us say so at the first ; and I assure you it is so. If you'll look into the other Stories of this Kind you will not find one of them so plausible : Here was one Man of my Acquaintance, a Person of no Consequence in the World, challenged the only Son of a Man of Fashion : It happened they were prevented, but else what would have been the Consequence ; if he had killed the young Fellow, he would have been hanged, because he was the Challenger, and because he had no Interest to save himself ; and if he had been killed, the other would have been acquitted, because he was forced into it, and his Friends had Money.

*Rast.*

*Rust.* Well then, the other was not so much in the Wrong, however; for he hazarded nothing.

*Ever.* His Life, Mr. *Rustick*, which to him was of some Value. But we do not pretend to say that both are always equally in the Wrong; only that both are so.

*Rust.* Well, come, he did run the Hazard of his Life, as you say: And that was about nothing at all, as far as I hear the Story.

*Ever.* 'Twas for a Trifle. Now, here's another pretty Quarrel that has fallen within my Knowledge: An intimate Acquaintance of mine called one a Madman; one whom all the World allowed to be so. Why the Consequence is just the same; they fight. If he had killed him, he would have been hanged because he was a Madman; if he had been killed, the other would have been pardoned for the very same Reason.

Sir

*Sir Sam.* These are forced Instances, however, Capt, *Everywhere*, that you must own.

*Ever.* 'Tis not a bit better in the Generality. A Man challenges some body that is in the Army: He is hanged for killing him, because he gave the Challenge: The other is pardoned if he kill him, because he must not refuse to fight. Still you see the same Inequality. A Beggar challenges a Man of Fashion: To what Purpose is it to fight. It is no Honour to have killed his Barber's Son, and he will not be pity'd if he fall. Or if two Beggars call out one another, neither can get any good, and he that survives is sure to be hanged, because fighting was not his Business.

*Rust.* Come, that's Law I know; for if a Man shoots at a Bird, and kills somebody that is on the other Side of the Hedge, the first Question that is asked at his Trial, is, whether he was qualified to carry a Gun. If he was, why it is brought in Chance-Medley; but if not

N

why

why he is hanged for downright Murder.

Sir Sam. A Case in Point, is it not, Mr. Forward? You have Courage to talk Law before this Gentleman.

Rust. Well, well, I know it is right; and what's right may be said before any body.

Sir Sam. Indeed, if we examine the Matter of Duelling from the most plausible to the most common Causes, and from the most determinate and resolute to the most indifferent, we shall find the same Folly in a greater or lesser Degree, run thro' the whole; and there are ten thousand we shall blame, for one whom we can pity it.

Rust. But there is one thing I minded in the Captain's speaking; he lays all the Fault and all the Mischief upon the Person that gives the Challenge.

Sir Sam. The Law lays it all there too, Mr. Rustick, and with Reason: But what was you going to say?

Rust.

*Rust.* Why, that the Person challeng'd does not run so much Hazard.

*Ever.* Its very true, Mr. *Rustick*, but what I have said is enough. If all the Danger lay upon the Challenger, and Men cou'd be made sensible of it, we should have no more Due's.

*For.* But there's one thing surprises me more than all the rest in this Matter? I did not know, that Mr. *Bookley* was paying his Addresses to Miss *Fashion* at all.

*Sir Sam.* Nor I neither, I assure you, Sir; nay, hardly my Daughter herself; for he had never opened his Lips to her about it. But Jealousy has sharp Eyes, Sir *William* saw he was not received, and he discovered the Occasion.

*Ever.* And what says Miss *Fashion* to the whole Adventure.

*Sir Sam.* She confesses that she is greatly inclined to favour Mr. *Bookley's* Pretensions.

*For.* Well, that surprizes me, I must confess now : Sir *William* is so compleat a Gentleman.

*Sir Sam.* She very modestly lays it upon that Fancy, which directs Women rather than Reason, in the Choice of their Lovers : But I must confess it does not surprize me, seeing it in another Light ; I am certainly not prejudiced with Respect to Mr. *Bookley*, because, tho' he is not entirely without a Fortune, yet it is unequal to her's, and much less than Sir *William's*; and yet I do not pretend to wonder that my Daughter approved him : He is one of the best sort of young Men I ever saw; and with a thousand good Qualities, he has a Modesty that greatly recommends them.

*For.* That may be a Recommendation possibly to you, Sir *Samuel* ; but I assure you, Modesty is one of the last things I should think of for recommending a Man to a fine Lady.

*Sir Sam.* You may be right so far as I know; but my Daughter is not a fine Lady: You pursue another Scheme with Lady *Air*, I confess, and for aught I know may be likely enough to succeed.

*For.* Yes: I fancy I may.

*Rust.* And mayhap not.

*Ever.* Thank you, Mr. *Rustick*, for your good Wishes in my Favour, I don't know that I have any Reason to Despair of her any more than he. I own she has said the most civil things to him lately; but a fine Lady is often to be understood by Contraries. For any thing I know, Mr. *Rustick*, I stand as good a Chance as he does: What think you about the Matter?

*Rust.* Why, my Opinion is, that one of you stands just as fair a Chance as the other.

*Sir Sam.* Will you go with me to see, Mr. *Bookley*; 'tis the Time I promised to

be there, and I know he will be glad to see you.

*Ever.* I shall go with great Pleasure, if so much Company will not disturb him.

*Rust.* I'll go with great Pleasure, for there is not a Man in the World I have more Kindness for. Pray where are the Ladies, Sir *Samuel*, don't let us lose them.

*Sir Sam.* We shall find them when we return; my poor Girl is in great Uneasiness about the young Fellow; they don't much care for Company; but if we bring them good News of him it will command us a Reception: and I hope we shall.

*Ever.* Do you expect Lady *Air* to-day, Sir *Samuel*?

*Rust.* O set your Heart at Rest about Lady *Air*. Very like you may see her too.

*Ever.* Aye, but one can't set ones Heart at rest, dear Mr. *Rustick*, about  
such

such a Lady, unless one has more than a Chance of seeing her. One must have a Chance of winning her.

*Rust.* Why then I believe your Heart will never be at rest, Captain.

*For.* O you chop about my dear Friend, like the Wind in a thunder Storm. So now you think it is I shall be the happy Man: Just now it was he you thought.

*Rust.* I never thought any such thing about him, nor about you neither, the Devil must be in me if I had.

*Ever.* So, your sage Opinion now is that neither he nor I shall have the Lady.

*Rust.* Aye, and my Parsley Opinion too, if it is Lady *Air* you mean.

*For.* I'll bet you half your Estate one of us has.

*Rust.* I'll bet you all my Estate and hers to boot to a Nutshell, that you have not.

*Ever.* Why what can be the Meaning of your Opinion, Mr. *Rustick*?

*Rust.* Opinion do you call it. I look upon it to be a little more than Opinion.

*For.* To tell you the Truth, Mr. *Rustick*, I never had any great Notion of the Captain's having any Chance with her: but what can be your Fancy for supposing I have not, I must confess is a Mystery.

*Ever.* This is a Subject we shall never agree about: for to give you my Sentiments, I have always been convinced she always laught at Mr. *Forward*, but I think she treated me in a different Manner.

*Rust.* And to give you my Sentiments as you call them about the Matter, I have always been sure enough that she laughed at both of you.

*Ever.* If you please, Sir, (for you carry Things very far,) what may be your Reason for supposing that Lady *Air* will not be married to me?

*Rust*

*Rust.* If you please, Sir, because I have carried Things a little farther, and Lady *Air* as you call her is married to me.

*For.* Ha! What is it that you say, Mr. *Rustick*? Don't jest in this Manner, with a Lady's Reputation.

*Ever.* Pray, Sir, when might you have been married to Lady *Air*?

*Rust.* This Morning. Three Quarters of an Hour ago. And I come now to ask Sir *Samuel* to dine with me, and if you'll come too, why she'll make you welcome.

Sir *Sam.* I protest to you, Mr. *Rustick*, I am as much perplexed as either of these Gentlemen. I know not what to make of you. Married to Lady *Air*! are you serious?

*Rust.* Serious enough in Conscience, Sir *Samuel Faskion*. Why what did you suppose I am come up to Town about.

*Ever.* Why you did not come up to Town about this, surely, Mr. *Rustick*.

*Rust.* I came up to town to bring my Writings and make Settlements sure enough, Sir: but she's a comical Creature and desired me to keep it a Secret till we were married. For my Part I love a Joke as well as any body, so I held my Tongue as she bad me.

*Sir Sam.* I am astonish'd.

*Rust.* Why astonish'd, *Sir Samuel Fashion*? You know my Estate is a good fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, and her Ladyship's Fortune is a very fair Match for it. They lie close together: only a Hedge parts them, and what can be so proper as to make one of them.

*Ever.* Thus People think of Marriage. Well I don't wonder about it.

*For.* Nor I, curse me if I do, or care a Farthing what becomes of her. Though I can't help saying I did wish one of us had had her.

*Ever.* Hush, it will be better than you think. We shall both have her yet before she is two Months older; what do you

you suppose she can do with such a Mortal.

*Rust.* Mr. *Everywhere*, shall I desire you to repeat what you were saying to Mr. *Forward*.

*Ever.* It was only a Piece of private Conversation between ourselves.

*Rust.* I thought it had concerned me: but however I shan't take Exceptions without I am sure I have Reason: All I have to say besides is, that if any Man thinks fit to insult me, or speak ill of my Wife, I shall make him eat a handful of my Horsewhip. You say you did not, and if so, why that's nothing to you: and if you did, as mayhap I think you did, why make your best of it. In the mean while, I am none of your Courtiers, but I know so much Manners, that I think it's but a bad thing to whisper in Company.

*Sir Sam.* Mr. *Rustick*, you are right, and you speak like a Man who deserv'd a good Wife, and would know how

to vindicate her. I assure you you will find a very good one in my Lady *Rustick*; for her Follies are but superficial.

*Rust.* Sir, I don't know she has any Follies at all. All this Joke was laid between us; and if I am satisfied, why I don't see that any body else has a right to be out of Humour about the Matter.

*For.* You are very short, Sir, in your Determinations; suppose I should think I have for being the Tool of your Diversion.

*Rust.* Why then you make the best of it. 'Tis just so as I tell you.

*Sir Sam.* Pray let me set this Matter Right between you. Mr. *Rustick* you are too warm.

*Rust.* No, not at all, Sir *Samuel*, you did not hear them, nor mayhap I neither; but its no Matter for that, let it be as it would, what I say I'll stand to.

*Ever.*

*Ever.* He is not worth disputing with.

*Rust.* May be so, Sir, and yet if any Man gives me Offence, I shall make bold to use him as he deserves, whether he is worth disputing with or no.

*Sir Sam.* Mr. *Rustick*, I beg you will be moderate; these Gentlemen have meant you no Offence that I know of.

*Rust.* It is no Matter for that, Sir *Samuel Fashion*, they may have given me Offence, and great Offence too, without your knowing any thing of the Matter; did not they whisper?

*Sir Sam.* I acknowledge it was a Breach of Politeness to whisper. But, Gentlemen, have I your Permission to set this Matter right. It has happened in my House, and I am very sorry. Will you give me leave to bring it to an Explanation?

*Ever.* and *For.* Yes, yes.

*Rust.* Yes, yes, you need not doubt them,

them, they'll give you leave, and thank you to boot I'll answer for it.

*Sir Sam.* Fie, Mr. *Rustick*. Pray, speak no more in this Manner, they were guilty of Breach of Politeness to whisper; but you was guilty of the same in listening to them. It is as bad as if a Man had looked over another who was writing a Letter, and then disputed with him about the Contents of it.

*Rust.* Sir, I did not listen to them at all, they talked loud enough to be heard without listening, and I think they might well be ashamed of it.

*Sir Sam.* As you apprehend, Mr. *Rustick*. What was it that they said?

*Rust.* It is no Matter what I think it was; it is not proper to be repeated, if what I think was it. Ask them, Sir, and see whether they'll tell you, I suppose they will if they are not ashamed of it.

*Sir Sam.* Capt. *Everywhere*, pray give me leave to enquire, what was this Matter.

*Ever.*

*Ever.* Give yourself no Trouble about it, Sir *Samuel*, it is not worth all this Bustle.

*Sir Sam.* But I beg of you, Captain, on my Account, for it gives me great Concern.

*Ever.* Sir, it was private Conversation, and I don't think it proper to reveal it; but I leave it to Mr. *Forward*. I shall consent to any thing he says.

*Rust.* Now, Sir *Samuel* what do you say? Are not they ashamed to tell what it was: Don't say I am too hasty another Time, Sir *Samuel*.

*Sir Sam.* You are too hasty all this while, Sir. I must confess if I were in the Gentlemen's Place I should mention what the Conversation was, for I dare swear there was no Harm in it. I should think myself engaged in Honour to do this, but very likely I am wrong in that Opinion; the Captain is a better judge of that, and I believe he supposes himself bound

bound in Honour not to speak, though I dare say there was nothing in it.

*Ever.* You have mentioned the very Thing, Sir *Samuel*. Had Mr. *Rustick* spoken to me in another Manner I should have told him: but to such Behaviour there is no doing any thing, it looks like Concession.

Sir *Sam*. Now, Mr. *Rustick*, you see what I told you. There is a Way of explaining yourself, and coming to an Explanation with Men of Honour; but your hasty Temper and Unacquaintance with the World have prevented it. I would pawn my Reputation for it, that nothing was spoken which ought to have given you Offence, and yet by your Manner of speaking of it, you will never know what was said.

*Rust.* It's very well, Sir *Samuel*, you know nothing of the Matter, that you are sensible, and so there is no wonder if you are mistaken. But as to your Men of Honour, I know what I shall think

think of them for the future, that's all. My Wife is my Wife, Sir *Samuel*, and he that affronts my Wife affronts myself; and mayhap my own Person was affronted too for all that, but I don't pretend to be sure of any thing; all I say is, that if I were sure of it, I should not mind because there were two of them.

*Sir Sam.* Mr. *Rustick*, I am very unhappy that this has happened in my House, and if it were otherwise, I protest I would leave you to take the Reward of your Folly.

*Rust.* Sir *Samuel Fashion* you don't know what has happened, and therefore cannot tell whether it is Folly or no.

*Sir Sam.* Sir you do not know neither. It is all a Piece of Obscurity, and I am persuaded all a Mistake at the Bottom.

*Rust.* You may be persuaded of what you please, because you did not hear it; I know what I believe it was; and I believe

lieve so, because I did in some Measure hear it.

Sir Sam. Well, by your own Account you only heard imperfectly. Pray give me leave to speak a few Words without Interruption, Mr. *Rustick*, will you let me.

*Rust.* Well, well, I will, I will.

Sir Sam. And you, will Gentlemen?

*Rust.* O you need not fear them, go on, Sir, go on, what do you say?

Sir Sam. I would be the Mediator between all of you ; I know you mean no Harm to one another, and the Thing is all a Mistake. It has happened under my Roof, and I am bound in Honour as well as in Friendship to you all to make it up.

*Ever.* Sir Samuel, you speak like a Man of Honour and a Gentleman.

Sir Sam. Capt. *Everywhere* you acknowledge you and Mr. *Forward* whifpered together. You were wrong, and that Gentleman and myself who were in  
Company

Company, have a Right to take it amiss.  
Will you acknowledge you were wrong  
in this.

*Ever.* I confess we were.

*For.* I acknowledge it, and I beg  
your Pardon, and that Gentleman's  
for it.

*Sir Sam.* Mr. *Rustick*, you overheard  
or fancy you overheard what these Gen-  
tlemen were saying by listening to them,  
you acknowledge this.

*Rust.* No, Sir, I don't acknowledge  
any such Matter. I did not listen to  
them.

*Sir Sam.* Dear Mr. *Rustick*, you see  
how frankly these Gentlemen acknow-  
ledged they were in the Wrong. This  
is the Behaviour of Gentlemen I assure  
you.

*Rust.* Sir, I'll acknowledge any thing  
that is Truth, but I did not listen.

*Sir Sam.* You did not hear any thing  
that was said perfectly or distinctly.

*Rust.*

*Rust.* No, I don't say I did ; if it was as I think, it's well for some People that I did not, Sir *Samuel*. I can see as far into a Milstone as another.

*Sir Sam.* You promised me to be silent, Mr. *Rustick*.

*Rust.* But you ask'd me a Question.

*Sir Sam.* Dear Mr. *Rustick*, I wished to be answered, but not in a Passion. You did not perfectly and distinctly hear what was spoken, that you will acknowledge.

*Rust.* I don't pretend I did, I acknowledge I did not rightly hear it.

*Sir Sam.* Then you will confess it was possible you might mistake the Meaning.

*Rust.* Yes, it is possible I might be mistaken about the Meaning, though I don't think I was.

*Sir Sam.* Well, Mr. *Rustick*, but you will acknowledge to these Gentlemen, that if you listened to what they said you did wrong, and that as you did not perfectly

perfectly hear all that was spoken, you may be mistaken as to the Meaning.

*Rust.* Well, well I do acknowledge so much.

*Sir Sam.* You see how easy things are adjusted, when People will hear Reason; these Gentlemen acknowledge they were wrong to whisper, and they beg your Pardon for it; you acknowledge you might easily mistake what was spoken, and if you have mistaken it, you will I am sure be ready to acknowledge you have been in the wrong in all that you have now said, and ask their Pardon for it.

*Rust.* Yes, if I knew I was mistaken to be sure I would.

*Sir Sam.* Why then it remains with me, for it can be no other Way come at. I am convinced, Mr. *Rustick*, these Gentlemen did not say any thing disrespectful of your Lady, because you know as well as I that they were her Admirers: You would have known what they did say,

say, if your own hasty Temper had not prevented, and I take upon me to answer it, that they did not speak any thing wrong concerning her. Now, Sir, if you take my Word for this, are you not ready to ask their Pardon, as they have already asked yours.

*Rust.* Sir, if this be the Case, I beg their Pardon heartily.

*Sir Sam.* Give me all your Hands; You are Friends, and we'll make our Visit. I shall take you to one who would have been much better able than I to make up your Differences, and whose Condition is a better Argument, than all that even himself could urge, against these fatal Follies.

THE



THE  
BOOK of CONVERSATION.

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PART VIII.

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CONVERSATION I.

At Mr. *Bookley's*.

The Company ; Sir *Samuel Fashion*, Mr.  
*Rustick*, Capt. *Everywhere*, and Mr.  
*Forward*.

*Bookley*. SIR *Samuel*, nothing could  
give me the Comfort that I  
have from this repeated Testimony of  
your Friendship: Pray honour me with  
your Hand while I tell you so.

Sir

*Sir Sam.* You always had my Esteem and Friendship, and always will have them: How have you rested, and how is your Pain.

*Ever.* Dear Mr. *Bookley*, we have been all concerned for your Misfortune; but the whole World speak greatly of your Conduct.

*Book.* Captain, you are in a Situation in which I shall naturally be supposed to have done right; and the World is very apt to judge as you do. I wish I could reconcile my own Mind to my Conduct, for to a Man in my Situation, that would be of more Weight than the Applause of all Mankind, and indeed I have not that.

*Rust.* Don't talk so much, Mr. *Bookley*, talking is not good for you.

*For.* I hope, Sir, you are not worse.

*Book.* I did not answer your Enquiry, Sir *Samuel*; I rested well: Mr. *Forward* I thank you, I think myself much better; but

but my Surgeon does not heartily join with me.

*Rust.* Poh! Man! Never mind your Surgeon: If you find yourself better you are better. I'd take my own Word in such a Case before that of all the Surgeons in *England*.

*Sir Sam.* I would have you pay so much Regard to his Fears, as to observe very punctually all his Instructions as to your Diet and the rest. Tho' I must give you the Comfort to tell you, that I am very much inclined to be of Mr. *Rustick's* Opinion.

*Book.* *Sir Samuel*, you speak it with a Smile. I read it in your Face that you think I am not in Danger, and that you have Pleasure in my Safety. O, Sir, there is another Fear, and it is not less than that of Death, which distresses me with respect to you. I think there is nothing I would not do rather than offend you; and yet I am afraid I have done that unpardonably.

O

Sir

*Sir Sam.* I'll save you the Trouble of a great many Words, for as *Mr. Rustick* says, talking cannot be good for you : set your Heart at Rest upon that Head. If I could be averse to your paying Addresses to my Daughter, there is nothing you have done that I could take amiss, for you have made no Advances in it : but there is more than my Approbation to be mentioned to you, the Girl likes you. I have promised never to influence her in the Choice of an Husband ; but she has chosen the Man of all the World I should have wished to have her.

*Book.* O Sir, but it ought to be upon my Knees, I thank'd you.

*Sir Sam.* But you are wrong to discompose yourself. She has suffered a great deal in your Danger, and I shall make her Amends by telling her how you received the Notice of her Approbation, and of my Countenance of it.

*Book.* *Mr. Forward*, it is now worth while to live : But I must enquire after  
your

your Happiness too. How have you settled it with the agreeable Lady *Air*.

*Rust.* Sir, there's no such Woman in the World : The Lady *Air* that was, before you was confined to your Chamber, is now Lady *Rustick* ; she was married to me this Morning.

*Book.* This is strange indeed : I give you Joy, Sir, of your good Fortune, but I must wonder.

*For.* Now, for my Part I wonder at nothing, so let us say no more about her.

*Ever.* Dear *Bookley*, I give you Joy too, for your Happiness is as near as his.

*Book.* Alas, Sir ! it does not appear so to me.

*Sir Sam.* Come, come, don't imagine you are in Danger of dying ; these Surgeons have all their Tricks, I'll be hang'd if there be any thing in it, have Courage.

*Book.* That was not in my Thoughts :  
But I wonder no one here sees what gives  
me this Concern. But why should I sup-  
pose my Affairs are of so much Weight  
to others as they are to myself.

*Ever.* Indeed we all share in them :  
A Disappointment to myself could hardly  
afflict me more than one to you would  
now.

*Sir Sam.* My Happiness I assure you,  
lives upon yours, my Daughter's  
does so, and I am so much the Fa-  
ther, that I cannot have any which is not  
hers. What is it that gives you Unea-  
siness? Her Heart is yours I assure  
you.

*Book.* Sir *Samuel*, altho' I have that  
Lady's Approbation and your Consent,  
two Things so much above my Deserts  
that I dar'd not to expect either of them,  
yet there is a Bar between that Lady and  
me which I cannot think will ever be got  
over.

Sir

*Sir Sam.* You astonish me, Mr. *Bookley*. What is it you can mean ?

*Book.* Sir, there's another whose Consent is with Respect to me, as necessary even as yours, and which I am afraid can never be obtained.

*Sir Sam.* Your Father is not living.

*Book.* If he were, Sir, he must be proud of such an Alliance. But, Sir, there is my Rival. I know by his Manner of mentioning that Lady, for I must do Justice to so generous an Enemy, that he will never quit his Pretensions: And can I, who, tho' I live, am yet a conquered Antagonist, dare to propose myself against him. He has acted by me with perfect Honour; and tho' I lose much more than my Life by it, let me never break in upon the Laws of Honour against him.

*Ever. Forward,* to what Purpose do you and I live in the World, if such Notions as these can be obtained in Schools.

*Sir Sam.* Most gallant Creature, I honour you and love you more than ever : But don't despair. My Daughter never approved him, and she is now averse to the extreamest Pitch ; she would not see him.

*Serv.* Lady *Fashion* and two more Ladies called to enquire, Sir, how you rested.

*Book.* Are they now at the Door ?

*Serv.* I believe, Sir, they are not gone. I said you was better, and I would speak to you.

*Book.* Pray ask them to walk up. *Sir Samuel*, they will refuse a Servant ; will you be so very obliging to ask them ? pray, pardon me.

*Ever.* Mr. *Bookley*, I am rejoiced to see you better. Sir, I take my Leave.

*For.* I give you Joy, dear *Bookley*, on your good Fortune. I must go too.

*Sir Sam.* Now, my dear *Bookley*, did I tell you Truth. See here she is, and let her Blushes tell you I said right.

*Book.*

*Book.* How can I make my Acknowledgements for such an Honour. Your Ladyship will please to sit, Lady *Rustick*.

*Rust.* O let her alone, I'll take care of her ; my Dear, sit down.

Lady *Rust.* Mr. *Bookley*, why your good Fortune is as unexpected as mine : I give you Joy most heartily : Who would have supposed that thy Girl was thinking of you, any more than that I had all the while I was coquetting with my Beaux, settled it with my Squire ?

*Book.* I am sure you will be happy. From the Beginning, that Lady will be my Witness, Mr. *Rustick* had my Voice against them both ; tho' I little thought he would then have put himself in this sort of Competition with them.

*Rust.* It was all settled long enough before that, only we kept our Council.

Sir *Sam.* *Nancy*, come, speak to Mr. *Bookley* ; you see how his Eyes are fixed on you.

*Miss Fash.* I cannot : If any thing could add to my Esteem for him, it would be that he does not at this Time speak to me.

*Sir Sam.* She is right ; 'tis thus great Minds bear Transport : they are as unmoved in Joy as in Affliction.

*Book.* O you mistake it quite, there Words are unnecessary, and here all are unworthy.

*Sir Sam.* Does any body know what is become of *Sir William Civil* ?

*Book.* I do, he is very near ; you will find in my Pocket-Book his Direction. Another Person would have gone out of the Way, but he thought the least suspected Place was near to me. I think he was right.

*Sir Sam.* Certainly : Will you give me Leave to send to him ? Does he know you are better.

*Book.* He has sent constantly ; and there is nothing I should wish, tho' there is nothing

thing also I should dread so much as to see him. Do as you please, Sir *Samuel*.

Miss *Fash*. I beg you will not : I never saw him with Pleasure ; now nothing could make me look upon him without Detestation.

Sir *Sam*, my Dear, I have Reasons for it : Pray do not be against it.

Miss *Fash*. Sir, I shall never forget I am your Daughter, I have no Right to speak.

Sir *Sam*. I am not used much to command ; and you will soon be out of my Power ; but for this once I must do what I know to be proper.

Lady *Rust*. They told us Captain *Everywhere* and *Forward* were with you, what is become of them ?

*Rust*. They did not care to stand your Presence. I fancy you will see no more of them. It is no great Matter, for between you and I, my Dear, they are a couple of Rascals.

Lady *Fash*. O, fie, Mr. *Rustick*. I  
did

did not imagine you could have spoken so of Gentlemen.

*Sir Sam.* Nay, I don't pretend to enter into his Reasons, but he has said little better to their Faces ; and I am afraid he has some Cause for it. If I had not taken a great deal of Pains to prevent it, there would have been a Quarrel between them. And I must needs say by the Openness of Mr. *Rustick's* whole Behaviour and the Reserve of theirs, I am afraid there was something amiss about them ; but it is all made up.

*Rust.* Aye, Aye, it's as well as it is ; but they are a Couple of Rascals.

*Sir Sam.* We are all Friends here, Mr. *Rustick*, but let me give you a Caution. I confess to you I believe they deserve all you say of them ; and I shall never look well upon either of them again ; but consider you have made it up with them, and you are bound in Honour never to speak of the Matter afterwards.

*Rust.*

*Rust.* Well, I believe it is not right ; and I won't, but I did not know your Custom : Hang 'em they are not worth remembering any more. But pray what is become of that civil well behaved young Man I saw once at your Ladyship's, Mr. *Loom* I think they called him.

*Lady Fash.* The happiest Man in the World. Not married, indeed, as you are, but every thing is settled and agreed, and they are perfectly fond of one another. You saw the Lady too if you remember. A pretty modest agreeable young Creature, she was at our House on Sunday.

*Rust.* The fittest People in the World for one another ; why she is just such an one as himself : But why are they not married, what are they dillying and dallying about.

*Lady Fash.* They are quite agreed, but common Decency defers it. The Lady's Father died abroad. They had News of  
it

it but yesterday, and he has left her largely.

*Rust.* Well, comfort their Hearts, and much good may it do them together.

*Serv.* Sir *William Civil.*

*Sir Will.* Dear Mr. *Bookley*, the Concern I have myself in your Safety is the least Part of the Joy I have in seeing you recovering. Sir *Samuel* the Message was yours, that brought me; I am infinitely obliged to you. But how can I look you in the Face. There is one here whom I never must expect to be known to again.

*Sir Sam.* Dear Sir *William*, hear me fully, there is something I have to say to you.

*Sir Will.* Speak it, our Friendship might always have given you Privilege; but now I have offended you, and I shall hear you with double Respect.

*Sir Sam.* Give me your Hand. First we are Friends; and I think not of this; nor indeed have I any Right to resent it.

You

You know I always favoured your Intentions, but my Daughter was averse. You never had any Hope: Have you now any Expectations?

Sir *Will.* None, upon my Honour.

Sir *Sam.* If you had they would be vain. She says she never can forgive you; but perhaps there is a Way to obtain so much from her, though nothing could do more.

Sir *Will.* I think of nothing more. Could you obtain me that I should be happy; for though I have no Hope of her Favour, I cannot bear her Displeasure.

Sir *Sam.* How has that Youth behaved in this whole Matter?

Sir *Will.* With perfect Honour.

Sir *Sam.* Her Heart is set upon him.

Sir *Will.* I know it; and I see all the rest. Speak but a Word to introduce me to her.

Sir *Sam.* Daughter, 'Sir William Civil must speak one Word to you.

Sir.

Sir *Will.* 'Tis very little, Madam: I only request your Hand to give it to that Gentleman.

Miss *Fash.* Nay then we all are Friends.

*Book.* I owe the Acknowledgements to all, but where shall I begin to pay them.

Sir *Sam.* We understand them all, they are in your Heart, and there preserve them. You have deserved to be very happy, and yet, if I can guess, you will be more happy than it is possible for any to deserve.

F I N I S.



Sir Will. 'Tis very kind, Madam: I  
only repeat your kind to give it to  
that Gentleman.  
Miss Felt May that we all are  
Friends.

Good. I owe the Acknowledgements to  
all our friends that begin to pay them.  
Sir John. We understand them all.  
They are in your heart, and there pre-  
serve them. You have deserved to be  
very happy, and yet if I can guess, you  
will be more happy than it is possible for  
any to deserve.